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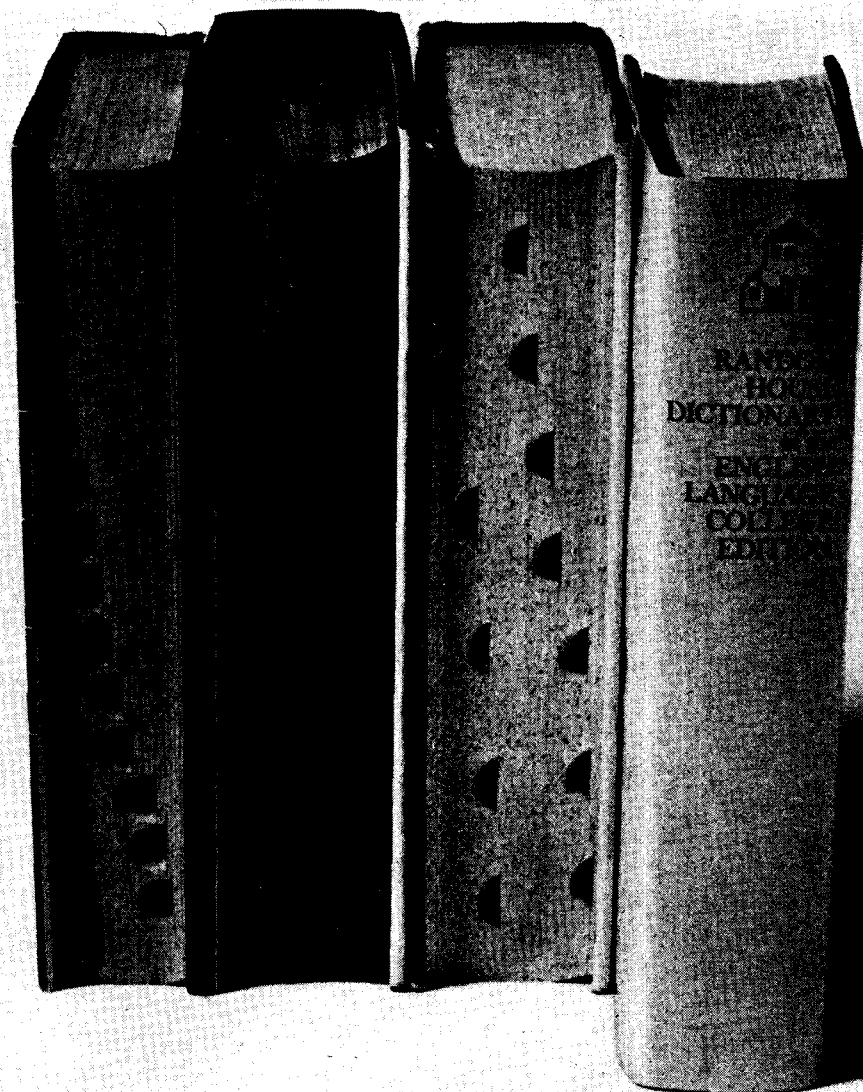
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A Kind of Bastille

★ Can Hubert Humphrey beat Richard Nixon? He might, he just might, though we think the odds are against him. Mayor Daley's convention here hasn't helped him any. We write this at the end of the affair and are still emotionally depleted.

The Democratic nomination was tarnished by the Kremlin-like security of Mayor Daley, by the provocation of anti-war young people, some of whose leaders, of course, hoped that they could create disturbances, and by the bloodlust of the Chicago police who fell into the trap that the demonstrators had set.

It is hard to make the reader understand just what this security was which turned the international amphitheater into a kind of Bastille. In the 20-minute ride from the Conrad Hilton Hotel to the Convention Hall, this reporter counted off from the bus the uniformed police and firemen stationed on his side of the road. There were 75 — on one side alone. The downtown demonstrators never came within miles of the hall.

At the amphitheater, our portable typewriter was opened and taken from its leatherette case and examined. It was irritating to have the guard go up and down the inside seams of the case, like a continental chambermaid looking for you-know-what. It wasn't that we didn't have identification; we had a big press card and another one around our neck. In the hall, no ice cubes were in the drinks. They might have been used as missiles, and no newspapers were on the convention floor; they might have been read during boring speeches and given a bad image of inattention by delegates over television, so the

mayor had the fire marshal ban them.

This does not deny that some of the militant radical delegates were purposely provocative to guards and, we think, trying to stir up trouble. It occurs to me that during the Republicans' nicely sanitized convention at Miami Beach, there were riots every night in the Miami ghetto, across the river, and that several persons were killed. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to it in the convention, and it got little if any television coverage that we know of.

And so the McCarthy adventure that began in the snows of New Hampshire last March comes to a close. Or does it? He stood up alone when it seemed a silly thing to do, and protested the war, and suddenly Mr. Johnson decided not to run and so abandoned a personal defense of his own ticket.

The young people's crusade began. It is for them that we sigh; that first broken heart in a political love affair is never to be quite forgotten, no matter how many other broken hearts follow. We hope they become permanently committed. We need them more than they need us. And for the moment, they might notice that we still have George Wallace, Richard Nixon and, yes, Mayor Daley, to deal with.

Humphrey's Albatross

★ The bitterly divided Democrats have picked a candidate who isn't very glamorous and who doesn't live in any romantic Camelot. In the heat of rivalry, some ardent opponents have come almost to despise Mr. Humphrey. We have found him a warm and compassionate figure who is as open and forthright as Mr. Johnson is secretive and suspicious. No, he is no beauty. He has a balding rather bulging head, small eyes and a trick of emphasizing remarks with a snap of his jaw like somebody biting off a thread. We like him. He is wrong on Vietnam.

Could he win the election? Well, he could make a hard-hitting, Truman-style campaign. He could throw off the incubus of Mr. Johnson. He could pretty well drop the South and concentrate on the big industrial states where his strength lies. Above all, he could and should show that he intends to give the Vietnam policy a

new look. That is his albatross.

We watched Eric Sevareid throw up his hands at the Democratic convention, and we read *Washington Post's* David Broder refer to it as a "shambles . . . blow-up . . . frightening spectacle." We still have a perverse optimism about the affair. The Democratic Party, we think, is in violent transition. The old solid South is crumbling. A new disagreeable era is here in which we think a third, George Wallace-type party may be here for as long as racial tension lasts.

This may be like the period of the twenties for the Democrats, in which they all but flew apart in the Al Smith-McAdoo row. Then it was the new immigrants. Between 1880 and 1910, 20 million immigrants came to America, and around 1900 the US birthrate was among the highest in the world. Unlike the Republicans, the Democrats opened their doors to the newcomers. That was really what the Al Smith episode was about. It brought some election defeats, but it made it possible for FDR to put together his 1932 coalition that we have today.

Now it is coming unglued; the white South is breaking off. Too bad if it does. But there is tremendous potential new strength in the six to seven million Negroes over 21. They are eligible to vote, but only about a third of them do.

Eight years ago, Nixon lost all but one of the 12 biggest cities, and he lost the election because the lead which he had upstate in six states was overthrown in the major cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis and Newark.

We don't see the blacks in 1968 voting for "Clear-it-with-Strom" Nixon. Goldwater got only six or seven percent of their total votes in 1964. There the potential is at any rate, while the GOP stands disapprovingly by.

This convention seated the integrated Mississippi delegation. It split the Georgia delegation, and it dropped the century-old unit rule. Yet by choosing Muskie for running mate, Humphrey preferred a way-down-East strategy over a Southern one.

The GOP's choice of the man for the second spot was a good deal like the Union League Club hiring a new doorman. They got one, of course, a good chap, really; his name is Spiro Who.

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What Happens Now

Chicago

On the first night of the Democratic National Convention, a thousand or so young people, dungareed and suited, marched around the Hilton Hotel chanting, "Dump the Hump" and "Hell no, we won't go." The helmeted, blue-shirted police moved alongside them, keeping them off the street, pressing them toward the walls, warning them that if they went around the block more than once, they would be in trouble. Half way round, young McCarthy volunteers from across the street leaned out of the second-story windows of their offices and waved to the passing demonstrators. The marchers threw up the "V" for victory salute of friendship and shouted to the McCarthy workers, "Do it, baby, do it."

The McCarthy volunteers did, "do it," though their candidate was not nominated. Earlier than that, the credentials and platform fights had shown that it was LBJ all the way, by proxy. But there were not many of these volunteers who had thought, as of the opening night of the convention, that their candidate would be nominated. They had, however, done something and knew they had done it, that would outlive defeat on Thursday and would prevail. To this conviction was added the bitter knowledge gained in Chicago of what the system at its most brutal can do. Heads were cracked; hearts were not. These volunteers had campaigned for Eugene McCarthy, but they had not served any cult of personality. Theirs was a new style in politics – candid, cool, thoughtful. They had sensed, and Chicago confirmed their instinct, that the old Democratic coalition was through, even though it could name its man one last time. A few hours after Hubert Humphrey's nomination, about a thousand non-hippie convention goers were banked on either side of the entrance hall of the Hilton Hotel to welcome back delegates returning from the amphitheater, delegates who had just nominated the Vice President and had approved the Johnson Vietnam plank. "The party is dead," they shouted. "You killed the party." "Shame, shame." In fact, the party was not dead; and it was not dead because of what these people had done. They had opened the way to a new Democratic Party. "This is," McCarthy said after his defeat, "a temporary setback to the cause." What was perfectly clear in Chicago, was that a party managed primarily by Southern governors, a big-labor bureaucracy, the ratty remnants of old-line city bosses, and some leftovers from the New Deal, is no longer a majority party. And

indeed, it is now clear that many of the constituents of those labor leaders and of those Southern governors and of those city bosses, have already, privately if not publicly, defected to George Wallace.

The new politics which McCarthy (and McGovern) symbolized is not a politics of protest, except for the moment. It is too broad-based, too farsighted, too unromantic, too experienced, and too interested in real power for that description. It has already shown what force it can muster. And added to what it has already done, will now be the power of the Kennedy movement as it begins to lay the groundwork for 1972. The accent of the new politics in the next one or two years will be local organization, but its general aim is nothing less than, as Senator McGovern said last Thursday, to "redeem and reconstruct the Democratic Party." The bulwarks of this new politics, which is the politics of the future, are those people in precinct after precinct, and in state after state, who in the past six months made a quiet revolution, taking over the Democratic organization in some places (Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Colorado, the District of Columbia) and got their feet firmly in the door elsewhere—in New York, Minnesota, Connecticut, Vermont, Michigan, Iowa and New Mexico. They are going to be heard from more and more in the South too, begin-

ning with Georgia and Mississippi. These people are patient, skilled, issue minded. The new coalition they represent is not the same as the old—it is not basically made up of interest groups—of labor, farmers, minority, regional or ethnic groups. It bypasses class and color. It is quality minded, open minded, anti-imperialistic, democratic. These new activists are convinced, as one Wisconsin delegate put it in a caucus, "All we have to do is wait the bastards out." Prominent in the new coalition are the students, the clergy, professional workers, teachers, suburbanites (many of them women). They are self-confident. In the corridor of one of the convention hotels, a beefy, 50-year-old Humphrey delegate turned in anger to a younger McCarthy delegate and said, "We don't need you." She replied, "You don't live forever."

As of last Thursday, the people of the new politics have no presidential candidate. Many of them will abstain in November. Others will vote for Nixon; others for a fourth party candidate. But that choice, the presidential choice this November, seems to them not terribly important. They understand that the Democratic Party is in eclipse, is in disgrace, and although four years of Richard Nixon are in prospect, these four years, they believe, can be put to good use. More immediately, between now and November, the energy and the money of the new politics will go into critical congressional races where there are candidates who speak to the issues—for instance, Gilligan in Ohio, O'Dwyer in New York, Morse in Oregon, Clark in Pennsylvania, Cranston in California, McGovern in South Dakota. Here there are significant choices to be made.

As for the fourth party, its advocates are divided, not only by the unavailability of a nationally known candidate (McCarthy would back a serious fourth party movement but not lead it), but also by a profound disagreement over the purpose of a fourth party this year. This debate will go on for some time. To some fourth party enthusiasts, the only purpose of having it on the ballot this year is to demonstrate one's protest against the candidates and the policies chosen by the two major parties. It is essentially a temporary gesture, a gesture of protest. There are others who see in a fourth party a permanent institution. For they believe, and there is certainly evidence to support that case, that the contradictions within the Democratic Party are too wide to be bridged and that something new must take its place. It seems to us, however, that we have seen this year that the Democratic Party can be made responsive to the people and to the needs of today. Not by this November, but surely by November 1970 or November 1972. The modernizing of the Democratic Party will continue in the neighborhoods; it will prosper,



whatever happens in Vietnam, because it is in touch with the real hopes and needs of the country. It has no one national leader now, although Senator McCarthy is its Emeritus Counselor. It will be spoken for in the next few years, insofar as it can be spoken for at all nationally, by a handful of men in the Senate who have stood against the ratification of our Vietnam policy and against the nomination of Hubert Humphrey-McCarthy, McGovern, Kennedy, Tydings, Ribicoff, Morse.

At nine o'clock on the morning after Humphrey's nomination, several hundred young McCarthy and McGovern workers, few of whom had had much sleep for days, some of whom had been knocked about by the cops, met in the Hilton Hotel to discuss the next jobs to be done. One of them said from the floor, "We're at the point of a second New Hampshire." And he was cheered. GILBERT A. HARRISON

Wheels within Deals

Chicago

The cold arrogance with which the political allies of President Johnson exercised their power here transformed what could have been the rebirth of a party into the most efficiently run Irish wake of the century. It was a convention completely dominated by voices from the past which speak with the harsh reality of the present; men like Mayor Richard Daley and Governor John Connally. Both wheeled and dealt with their power until the convention exploded. To accomplish their ends, they had to fit Vice President Humphrey, by mid-week the most irrelevant man of the convention, with a shroud. Neither hesitated for a moment. But Humphrey seemed happy with it.

A wake indiscriminately glorifies memories of the past. That is what the Democrats did in Chicago last week. Now and then, the delegates peered hopefully into the future, only to be brought back to those memories, to a politics of war and of racism, both of which had to be toasted to please the men in power.

They drank their first toast to racism. To some, it came as a surprise. During the preliminary hearings of the credentials committee, there was reason to believe that the Democratic Party was at last ready to cut its ties with the old racist politics of the deep South and, in doing so, recognize the new politics stirring in that long-neglected area of the country. After all, 1968 was the ideal year. George Wallace, the master of racist politics, has already destroyed the power of those who practice the politics of tokenism in the South and is also threatening their presence in the North—the machine bosses like Mayor Daley in the urban centers and the labor leaders wed to the old

style of politics. Certainly, it would be hard to justify an accommodation. The Republicans had already done that very thing in Miami Beach when "Clear it with Strom" became the slogan. To compete with Wallace and Strom Thurmond, Richard Nixon's Southern stand-in, for the racist vote would be sheer folly.

Certain concessions to the new politics of the South had to be made. In the case of Mississippi, the party had committed itself four years earlier; and the man they intended to nominate in Chicago had to be absolved for his role in the compromise of that year, a compromise which cost the Democratic Party dearly in the loss of faith with American youth.

But 1968 is a new year with new demands. The upsurge of a new style of politics across the country had exposed the old method—the unit rule, a favorite device of Southern politicians which could now be used to make even the token addition of black men to their delegations meaningless; the less than democratic system used to select delegations, symbolized by Governor Lester Maddox's hand-picked Georgia delegation.

So a decision was made to compromise with the future. Governor Richard Hughes of New Jersey, a loyal Administration man, worked out the Georgia compromise which spared Humphrey the embarrassment of having to choose, or even fail to choose, between delegations led by Governor Maddox and Julian Bond, the self-possessed and articulate young chairman of the challenging delegation. In Alabama's case, a new party coalition going under the banner of the National Democratic Party (NDP) was turned down in favor of a compromise which allowed a group of party loyalists whose state and county candidates are running on the same ticket with Wallace to replace the elected Wallace-oriented delegates.

But this solution did not satisfy those who were willing to cut all the ties with racist politics and force urban bosses and labor leaders in the North to make a choice. Nor were the old-style Southerners willing to accept the loss of the unit rule with good grace. At that point, the Humphrey coalition began to fall apart.

It was also the point at which the convention heard the crunch of the arrogant display of power by men like Mayor Daley and Governor Connally.

Mayor Daley worries about local patronage. It oils his machine. He is also bothered by the new politics, which he neither understands nor likes. By the weekend, he could see the Humphrey coalition falling apart as the Vice President wavered on point after point, and the Mayor had read the polls which showed Humphrey getting beaten so badly in suburban and downstate areas that the county tickets all over Illinois, including his own Chicago, would be threatened. So he left some credence to the draft-Kennedy movement,

while withholding, briefly, support from Humphrey.

Mayor Daley's action, combined with a move by nine Southern governors, including Connally, to withhold their votes from Humphrey unless he came to terms, effectively destroyed what leverage the Vice President might have had over the convention. From that moment, he was at their mercy.

On Monday, Humphrey met with Governor Connally and capitulated. Later that day, Governor Connally's aides were bragging that Humphrey gave them man everything they wanted. Humphrey even agreed to a Connally demand that abolition of the unit rule be postponed until 1972, although the Vice President had repeatedly stated he favored its abolition effective at that convention. But, by then, the Humphrey camp had been rendered so ineffective on the floor that the Vice President's renunciation of himself didn't receive wide circulation among his supporters, and the convention went ahead and abolished the unit rule, effective in 1968, anyway.

It wasn't long after the Humphrey capitulation that the loosely knit anti-Administration bloc felt the crunch for the first time. Originally, the credentials committee was to report on Tuesday night, when the anti-Administration forces planned to back four minority reports in behalf of challenging delegations. But, shortly before noon on Monday, only hours before the opening gavel of the convention was to fall, word leaked out that Governor Hughes had been ordered that morning to have his minority report ready for the floor that night. He obeyed without question. Panic swept through the challenging delegations when they realized they would be deprived of a vital twenty-four hour period during which they had planned to tell their story, caucus by caucus. Now there was no time, as the Administration's political lackeys prepared to make official their compromise with the future.

Not surprisingly, Governor Connally was the first and chief beneficiary. The Texas challenge was called up first, giving his foes even less time to canvass for support. Yet there's an indication that the convention might have been turned around, in view of the success Connally's foes did have. In the few hours remaining, they talked to five caucuses—New York, California, Colorado, Minnesota and Arizona. The first three, despite strong pro-Humphrey sentiment in New York and Colorado, backed the Texas challengers unanimously. Arizona, a strong Humphrey delegation, had been advised by its credentials committee members that the Texas thing was the kind of family fight it's best to stay out of by backing the committee report which seated the Connally regulars. But a group of challengers were able to get a 17 to 2 majority. Then, they worked the Virginia delegation on

the convention floor and were able to get a simple majority. Another twenty-four hours might have made the difference, since they lost by only 1,568 to 955, with hundreds abstaining because they hadn't heard either case in detail.

After the Texas vote, the course of the convention was established. The bids to seat the entire Bond delegation from Georgia, and to turn over Alabama's seats to the NDP, were also lost.

The new politics people saw the Administration coalition at work on the credentials votes, and realized that old-style politicians of all kinds—labor chieftains out of George Meany's AFL-CIO, Southern conservatives, even many blacks from moderate civil rights organizations scattered through various delegations—were working hand in hand. One key figure in the credentials fight said: "It really hurt to see our old friends in labor working the floor against us."

In the aftermath, it seemed as if Wallace had won two conventions without attending either. He's able to organize the hate in this country and so deprive the politicians of their traditional base. Unfortunately, they weren't willing to seek a new base.

Next, they toasted the war. Old men have fond memories of war; nothing could be more appropriate at a wake. The kids were uninvited guests, but you find that happening at even a well organized wake. Mayor Daley realized they didn't have the proper attitude, so he let his cops work them over. Everyone kept saying that as they got older they would acquire the right spirit.

The peace plank had been lost long before it came to the floor. Humphrey seemed, or so some claimed, to be wavering at times. But, by the time the plank came to the floor, the key credentials fights had been lost and the nomination of Humphrey was a certainty. He had no reason not to go through with it.

Delegates realized, over the weekend, that they didn't want to nominate Humphrey. A week of credentials and rules fights had upset the South. Mayor Daley had read the polls. Senator McCarthy wasn't gaining and Senator McGovern was unknown. So, in large numbers, they started agitating to draft Senator Edward Kennedy.

Monday evening was the first night the delegates were assembled. Draft-Kennedy talk swept through delegation after delegation. But it was a futile gesture.

We would hope Mayor Daley and Governor Connally were toasting their own demise. Wednesday night, Daley paraded his sanitation workers through the gallery with Humphrey signs, and had his men pass out handfuls of alternates' floor passes to get Humphrey rooters into the hall. Daley's own performance, sitting in the front of the hall surrounded

by his hand-picked thugs, was alone enough to ruin the image of the national party. Daley gave directions from the floor to the chairman.

A whole catalogue of incidents illustrates how heavy-handed was the performance of these men, their lack of any degree of sophistication. Yet things aren't hopeless. Reveling in their power, they neglected to defeat a minority rules report which will have far-reaching implications four years from now. It bans use of the unit rule in the delegate selection process, down to the precinct level, and requires that, in future, all delegates must be selected in a manner allowing full participation for all voters. If those rules had been in effect this year, Humphrey would not have

been the automatic recipient of 500 to 600 votes.

As it was, Humphrey was nominated by remnants of the old New Deal coalition which have lost all their grass-roots power.

By now, the delegates have returned home, where they will hear the outrage of ordinary citizens over what they saw on TV, including the brutality of Daley's cops at the very moment of triumph of the old politics, when they were about to nominate their man for President. It will not be unlike 1964, when public reaction to the GOP convention in San Francisco wiped out what little chance Barry Goldwater had of reviving his campaign.

PAUL WIECK

The Cops & the Kids

by James Ridgeway

Chicago

The clashes between police and demonstrators began as calculated maneuvers by The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, and the Youth International Party. The strategy was to confront the Chicago police, and thereby demonstrate that America was a police state. It ended as a full-blown insurrection of middle-class people against that state.

For the people who took part in this, the Democratic Convention was irrelevant; for them, politics is in the street. They either will be in the streets in increasing numbers from now on, or they will be returning to live the underground existence of the 1950's over again, leaving politics to the police.

The Chicago police department, not Mayor Daley, was the clear winner in the street fights. And the officers knew it. After they beat up the demonstrators Wednesday night, they were exultant. Where the youngsters had once made fun of the police, the officers now took to openly taunting the citizens—any citizen. Out of the debacle in Chicago, the police have emerged as an important political force. No candidate in America can run from now on without coming to terms with the police.

The city refused to give either the mobilization (mobs) or the yippies (yips) permits for their gathering. Instead they tried to run them out of town.

Plainclothesmen were assigned to tail both Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden, the two mobs leaders. Others followed Paul Krassner and Jerry Rubin of the yips. This was good humored for a time; Krassner

had a tail advise him where the best food was. Then on Sunday evening in Lincoln Park, near the lake in northern Chicago, where the yips were headquartered, Hayden and Davis tried to slip the dicks by running off into the darkness. By mistake, Hayden ran across the two officers, who threw him up against the side of a police car. Hayden yelled for help and a small crowd gathered. "We're going to get you, you son-of-a-bitch," the dicks told Hayden, then they freed him.

Monday afternoon, the yips again gathered in Lincoln Park and Hayden and Krassner discussed plans for the Miss Yippie contest and the Yippie Olympics which Krassner was especially keen to begin. Hayden was talking to a group of people when he noticed the two dicks who had nabbed him the evening before approaching with a small convoy of paddy wagons and officers on motorcycles. They came right up, collared him and threw him into the paddy wagon and drove off before anybody could make a move.

On the way to the stationhouse, one of the officers turned to Hayden and pleasantly said to him, "We're going to get rid of you, you son-of-a-bitch." At the police station he was taken to a room, and while awaiting processing with others, was told to sit on the floor. As he waited a number of officers stopped off to pass the time of day. "If you guys want to kick the shit out of the cops," one of them said, "we'll kill every one of you."

"We'll spray you fuckers with submachine guns," said another.

"Phew," said a third, holding his nose. "God, do you stink."

(The police were especially angered by the radicals' slovenly dress and body odors. "Animals," they said in disgust.

"Pigs," replied the yips. "Oink, oink.")

Shortly after Hayden was taken, the yips gathered, and after hoisting Red and Viet Cong flags, marched downtown to the police station. They were led by a sporty looking fellow with a plaid jacket and a peace-dove button pinned on it. He walked along with a black man dressed in green pants and sporting a McCarthy button. Both these characters were dicks.

At first the police were badly outnumbered and flustered as they ran along to catch up with the march. But they soon recovered their verve and dashed into the marchers and hauled out a lad. Pinning his arms behind his back, they threw him into a paddy wagon. A mild-looking man wearing glasses rushed up to protest. A policeman knocked off his glasses and sprayed some mace in his face. As they marched into the city, an air of insurgency swept through the crowd. Gail Carter of Berkeley, wearing a black beret, was hoisted onto a boy's shoulders, where she chanted, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh," and "Dump the

Hump."

The marchers finally reached the police station, which was guarded by what looked to be several hundred officers; then they went over to Grant Park, which is opposite the Hilton Hotel, the convention headquarters. There they clustered around the statue of General Logan, a Civil War hero. A couple of boys climbed up on the statue and decked it with the Viet Cong flag. This angered the police, and several hundred of them formed a skirmish line. The officers charged at the statue, laying their billies to any youngster in the way. The youngsters rushed off from the statue in another direction, yelling, "Here come de pig. Oink. Oink. Pig. Pig. Oink. Oink."

Meanwhile, Miss Carter approached the line of police, and going up to each man in the manner of an inspecting officer she paused, looked him hard in the eye, and said, "And you. What about you? I care for you. You know what I am saying. What do you feel in your heart? Or are you afraid to say what's in your heart?" A group of plainclothesmen took her picture with a polaroid camera. But the films wouldn't develop properly and they fell to quarreling among themselves on that score and quite lost track of Miss Carter, who wandered off elsewhere.

Later that evening, the police charged into Lincoln Park, spraying tear gas into the yippies and others who had barricaded themselves in. The officers beat up the reporters and anyone else they could lay their hands on. Meanwhile, Hayden was charged with disorderly conduct for sitting on the grass and was bailed out. About midnight, he was about to enter the Hilton Hotel when a house dick recognized him and ordered him away. Coming away from the hotel, Hayden spotted two tails coming down the street. Seeking to avoid them, he walked across the intersection. At that moment, another plainclothesman, standing up the block, recognized Hayden and yelled out to the officer directing traffic, "Get him. Stop him." A dick grabbed Hayden from behind and threw him to the pavement. More police converged. Hayden yelled, "What have I done? I haven't done anything." But he was hustled off to the police station. An attorney who managed to see him there said the police wanted to charge Hayden with aggravated assault, but this was later dropped and he was charged with simple assault for spitting on a police officer. Bail was set at \$1,000.

Hayden was released from custody about 3:30 that morning. On leaving the stationhouse with a handful of reporters and friends, he quickly ran into another car carrying plainclothesmen. At an intersection both dicks jumped out and said, "Hello, we're police officers, can we help you fellows?" After examining a White House press pass, they retreated. About an



"Tsk, tsk!"

hour later, Hayden decided to go underground.

Tuesday evening, the yips, mobs, McCarthy youths and a lot of other people gathered to celebrate LBJ's birthday at the Colosseum which is a few blocks down Lake Michigan from the Hilton. There they listened to Jean Genet and William Burroughs berate the police. Draft cards were burned. Rock bands played. David Dellinger gave out the usual stuff about the movement. Paul Krassner gave LBJ the finger. Then the crowd joined in singing Happy Birthday LBJ, and "Fuck you, Lyndon Johnson."

At the end of the evening's entertainment, Rennie Davis said the plan was to disperse in small groups, then gather in full view of the television cameras at Grant Park. There they could greet the returning delegates.

It was midnight. The police were lined up on both sides of the street in front of the Hilton. A small band of people from Lincoln Park had already arrived and were waiting for the others from the Colosseum to march up. Scattered among them were the usual lot of plainclothesmen, doing their best to look like hippies but, as usual, chattering about the unwashed smell of the slobs they were sent to observe. Standing among them was a man with a porkpie hat and with a neat mustache. He chatted amiably with another fellow who appeared to be listening to the convention on a small transistor radio. Both looked rather like the artificially got-up detectives. But they weren't. The man in the hat was Hayden and his companion wasn't listening to the convention; he was tuned to the police radio bands, following the cops' movements. Here among the police was the mobs' field communications headquarters.

As the throng from the Colosseum flitted into the dark of the park, an air of expectancy grew. The police brought in buses full of fresh men and lined them up two deep. People began to chant, "Peace now, peace now," and then to burn draft cards before the television cameras. They yelled "Fuck you, LBJ," "Fuck you, Daley." More police were marched up. Helicopters circled overhead. Now word was coming over the transistor radios that the police had once more cleared Lincoln Park, using tear gas, which in addition to forcing the yips from the park, had gotten into drivers' eyes and stalled traffic on the highway. The crowds were moving through the streets stoning cars, and a group began to march towards Grant Park. More police were lined up before the Hilton. They were five deep in some places. They quietly moved in behind the park and on both sides of it. A police officer walked among the apprehensive reporters, suggesting they might better watch the scene from across the street. The convention adjourned. Buses carrying delegates were returning and the crowd, now number-

ing about 3,500, yelled at them, "Peace now"; "Join us, join us." First a few, then more, opened the bus windows and made the V sign at the crowd. There were cheers. "Join us, join us," went the chant. Fires were lit in the park. Now across the street in the hotel room lights were flashed on and off, giving the SOS signal. McCarthy youths began appearing at the windows, waving and calling out support. First one, then another came out on the street. "I didn't feel comfortable in that hotel with the pigs protecting us from you people," an Alabama challenge delegate said. "The real convention is in the streets," another said.

Although the gathering was pretty placid, with only a brief scuffle now and then, the police seemed increasingly edgy. At about 3 a.m. the first units of the Illinois National Guard were brought in. They got off their jeeps with rifles at the ready, and the police were marched off. The Guard commander, Brigadier-General Richard Dunn, tried to speak on his own microphone. But the crowd leaders suggested he come over and speak on theirs, instead. Dunn tried to do so, but was drowned out as Peter, Paul and Mary began singing, "If I Had a Hammer." Finally, Dunn was able to say that the National Guard didn't want to bother anyone. He retired to his jeep, which looked a little like a rabbit hutch, covered over with mesh wire for the commander's protection.

The insurrection was full-blown by Wednesday afternoon. Ten thousand people gathered at a band shell in the park, some distance from the hotel. When a youngster ran down the American flag, the police charged in swinging. One group of people wanted to go to the amphitheater, another to the Hilton. Both were blocked by troop movements which closed the bridges out of the park. To get out of the park, people walked north past the barricaded bridges. They milled around for a while, then seized upon one bridge which was still open to traffic, and blocked it. The police moved in, firing tear-gas barrages to break up the crowd. The gas spread back into the city, choking people in the streets and hotels. The demonstrators now split up and moved back through the different streets toward the Hilton, grouping finally on Michigan Avenue and marching on the hotel. Medics moved through the crowds, dampening handkerchiefs with water to fend off tear gas. Waving their hands in the "V" sign, chanting "Peace now, peace now," an enormous crowd marched on the hotel. The crowd came up against the police lines in front of the Hilton, milled around the edge of the hotel, held from below by the police and on the side by the military. It was about 8 p.m. Then the police charged, moving in skirmish line, columns and two and three man groups.

They hit the lines of marchers, clubbing down a man and then pulling him out for the arrest. A group to the south of the hotel fell back through stalled traffic before the police attack. The automobiles confused the officers and reduced the force of the attack. But suddenly 50 other officers burst out of a side street, hitting the march flank and driving the youngsters across the street against a wall. There they charged them, beating them indiscriminately.

A group gathered across from the hotel in the park. The police charged into it, beating people at will. They would pull them out into the street, fight them and then throw them into the paddy wagon. Others watching this from the Hilton grabbed anything they could find and threw it out the windows at the police.

The hotel was filled with nearly hysterical people, older women in faints, youngsters with blood streaming down their faces, girls crying.

At McCarthy's headquarters, on the Hilton's fifteenth floor, frenzied youths ripped up the sheets for bandages. The hotel manager was furious that his sheets were being torn and twice he sent the police

up to raid the McCarthy headquarters. The hotel management refused use of the hotel elevators to some people. The police sealed off the hotel and wouldn't let injured people enter.

Outside, the police continued forays into the crowd, beating and clubbing the people to make them disperse. The streets in front of the hotel were completely cut off. There was a no man's land around the side entrances where people darted in and out.

Vicious as this attack was, the demonstrators came back to Grant Park by midnight in large numbers. Thousands of people continued to gather there under the rifles of the troops, into the small hours of the morning. The lights flicked on and off in the hotel in support, but efforts to get the major candidates to come down and speak to the people ended in failure; Senator McCarthy wanted to go, but the Secret Service men dissuaded him.

That night there was a new group of people there from the South Side of Chicago – white youths – and they stood behind the police lines to support their boys. "Fruit," they yelled at a reporter wearing a checked coat. "Ya fuckin' coppa. Fruit." Long into the night, these two groups of Americans faced each other.

Following out their scheme to promote a continuing confrontation between growing numbers of people and the police – they figured that the Chicago officials would respond by bringing in more police and troops, and so make clear to all those looking on that Chicago was an armed camp and America was a police state – the radicals talked enthusiastically about little acts of violence, like a stink bomb in the hotel, or dirty words on some walls, to provoke the police and manipulate the liberal McCarthy youths into their own ranks. In effect, the idea was to simulate a little guerrilla war. By Wednesday night, it was clear that everyone – McCarthy youngsters, reporters, radicals, yips, well-to-do people walking their dogs, delegates to the convention, even some blacks – all sorts of people who had never heard of Tom Hayden or David Dellinger, were caught up in an insurrection in the streets. There were no real leaders. They came and went, sometimes carried out bleeding, sometimes arrested, sometimes off in a corner plotting. It made no real difference; to the crowds in the streets, it didn't matter who was at the microphone. Nobody manipulated these people. On Tuesday night they waved the Viet Cong flag and yelled, "Fuck you, LBJ." By Wednesday night, after they had been beaten by the Chicago police, held off by armed troops, gassed, they still came back to Grant Park in great numbers. At last they confronted the armed forces occupying the city, not with the Viet Cong flag, but with the American flag. Chicago smelled of revolution.

"I'm Glad You Asked That..."

The North American Conference of Homophile Organizations closed in Chicago by proposing that all presidential aspirants take a public stand on homosexuality. Questionnaires were sent to the candidates' headquarters, and the conference drafted a "homosexual bill of rights." Basically, it asked that sexual acts between consenting adults and sexual solicitation be legalized, and sought removal of government strictures on employing homosexuals.

It had been rumored that the Yippies would hold a "Homosexuals For Humphrey" rally in Chicago. The "homophiles" claim to be 15 million strong, and argue that no politician can turn up his nose at that many votes.

Unlike other minority groups, the homosexuals have few defenders. One college professor recently traced the nation's ills to an undercurrent of "hippies, homos, and hooligans." While medicine and psychiatry continue trying to unravel the complexities behind homosexuals' inverted lives, they are stalked and caged by vice cops who perch on toilet seats to peer through peepholes. History indicates that politicians generally prefer to leave such embarrassments in obscurity, but the homosexuals profess determination to make an issue of this serious problem for society.

*Rinky-Dink's Friends***American Defectors
With the Viet Cong***Phu Bai*

The reconnaissance patrol had halted for noon chow deep in a thick sweep of jungle 20 miles south of Hué—10 Marines crouched in a rocky clearing near a noisy stream. They formed a small circle, each facing outward for security. Corporal Perry Gordon, 19, finished eating and stood to hitch his gear. Glancing at the stream, he saw a man.

"When I first saw him, he looked so much like one of us that I thought someone has just walked over to fill his canteen," says Gordon, who was unable to hear movement because of the cascading water. "Then I saw the way he was dressed, and a North Vietnamese soldier following him walked from behind a rock pile." The armed white man wore a dark green knee-length uniform with a bright red sash tied across his chest, beauty-queen fashion. Gordon lunged for his M-16 rifle and fired 10 rounds at the young Caucasian, who was felled by the shots. Using a Chinese-made AK-47 rifle for support, he pulled himself to his knees and cried in clear, unaccented English: "Help me! Help . . ." Gordon shot him again, this time emptying a fresh 20-round magazine.

Spotting more North Vietnamese soldiers moving down a path, the patrol broke off the fire fight and hastily retreated through the tangled brush. Two hours later the unit was pinned down by pursuing enemy soldiers; one Marine was killed, another wounded. Danang-based jets arrived to dump bombs and napalm on the North Vietnamese. The patrol was hoisted out of the jungle by helicopter and flown to its Phu Bai headquarters, outside Hué.

US Intelligence officers say the Caucasian Gordon killed on July 15 was a fellow Marine who had chosen to fight for the Viet Cong. He was believed to be one of the handful of American defectors who are now aiding the enemy in South Vietnam. Four out of the five patrol members who got a good look at the white enemy soldier separately identified him from a counterintelligence photo file of nearly 200 missing Americans as Robert Garwood, a chaplain's assistant. Garwood, then 19, left his Danang base by jeep one evening in September 1965 and was never seen again. The patrol members who chose Garwood's picture by formal Intelligence procedures belong to the Marines'

elite reconnaissance force. All were seasoned veterans of 15 or more five-day missions behind enemy lines, and Corporal Gordon recently received his second meritorious promotion in less than a year. The five Marines also told counterintelligence agents that the Caucasian was "average height, about 150 pounds, and from 20-25 years old. When he disappeared Garwood weighed 170 pounds and stood 5' 10".

After the patrol made the identification, Major V. R. Bardelski, a Phu Bai Intelligence officer, told reporters: "Garwood has been a constant problem. He has outwardly and outspokenly furthered the North Vietnamese cause."

In the fall of 1965, after David Miller burned his draft card and Norman Morrison immolated himself in front of the Pentagon, leaflets denouncing the war and supporting the Viet Cong appeared here under Garwood's name. Several months later, according to Intelligence sources, Garwood sent propaganda letters home to friends and his family. Intelligence files on his activities are blank from then until mid-1967, when reports turned up that the Viet Cong had freed him. Released or not, Garwood never returned to US lines. A clue to his whereabouts may have come from US-paid Vietnamese agents, who reported several times this year that two Americans were operating with the enemy south of Hué, a few miles from where the Marine patrol encountered the white Viet Cong. On May 29, Marines fighting North Vietnamese near a bridge outside Hué swore that they heard enemy commands shouted in English during the battle.

Despite the patrol's report, Garwood's fate remains an official mystery. He is still listed as missing in action. While Marine officers say that he was probably killed by the patrol, they point out that the body was not recovered, making positive identification impossible. A few minutes after Gordon killed the Caucasian, patrol leader Charles House, 27, radioed his Phu Bai headquarters briefly about the enemy contact. He did not mention the white man, said only that two VC-North Vietnamese were killed. For the record, House ascribed his oversight to shock. "It was too weird," he told his commander four hours later, after the patrol had returned. "We were there to fight North Vietnamese and all of a sudden you run into an American. You just can't believe it at first." House privately gave reporters another reason for his failure. "If I had told headquarters at the time," he said, "they would have made me go back for the body—and we were outnumbered."

Gordon and House were dispatched two days later to show where the incident occurred so a Marine battalion routinely sweeping the area could search for the body. Inexplicably, the two Marines were not allowed to fly over the area by helicopter first for vis-

ual reconnaissance to reorient themselves, the normal procedure in such cases. Result: once on the ground, in the one day allotted them they were unable to find the location again in the look-alike terrain, which is crisscrossed with unmapped streams and gulleys.

The Marine Corps' erratic handling of the case (a security investigation was launched after an Intelligence officer revealed Garwood's name) has puzzled observers here. One source suggests that the Marines fear bad publicity over the small—but increasing—number of defectors. Never before in history have Marines shouldered arms against their countrymen. Four more Marines are reported to be helping the Viet Cong southwest of Danang. Marine counterintelligence agents have worked quietly to round them up, so far without success. Two of these turncoats have disciplinary records. One joined the enemy shortly before being hit with his third court-martial for insubordination. Another had “gone over the hill”—disappeared without permission—several times before he headed for Viet Cong territory one night.

The other two US defectors are less easy to explain. A young leatherneck vanished last January after an increasing number of visits with his Vietnamese girlfriend. His buddies, who frequently covered up for his romantic absences, later went to the village where he was last seen and tried unsuccessfully to force information from the peasants. Ten days later leaflets urging other Marines to defect were scattered in the Danang area. “After much thought,” wrote the young Marine, “I have gone over to join the truly just cause of the Vietnamese people.”

The fourth defector is a Negro. Several different Marines have reported seeing him near US outposts, sketching and taking pictures of defensive positions. Around Marine bases, where rumors spread quickly, the Negro has become known as the “Defense Inspector.” There have been no officially confirmed sightings of the black US deserter, however, and Intelligence sources speculate that the Defense Inspector, if he exists at all, may be a French Moroccan—a leftover from France's Indochina War.

Major Hank Thomas, a highly regarded Marine Intelligence officer, recently showed me a captured flawless enemy ambush plan and a map that detailed every important US position in the Danang area. I asked if it were possible that the US turncoats had helped the Viet Cong draw up the maps. Said Thomas: “These maps are too sophisticated to have been done by the Marines we believe have defected to the VC. Those PFC's of ours they've got just aren't that good. The Marines may be helping them, but they would be used to gain access to US compounds or for propaganda, things like that.”

“There have been no casualties here with the 7th Marines [southwest of Danang] because of US defectors,” Thomas continued. “But we have had several unexplained situations, such as unidentified American voices coming on our radios to stop US artillery fire for 15 minutes while the Viet Cong attacked a government outpost outside Danang. But there have been no battle losses due to these happenings. If so, official investigations would have had to be made.”

An official investigation, of course, is the last thing the military command here wants. Besides the Marine defectors, whom military leaders check off as ne'er-do-wells, other US prisoners of war have been tied to an embarrassingly large number of collaboration incidents with the enemy. Many of the estimated 300 US pilots held in North Vietnam have participated in antiwar broadcasts, signed propaganda leaflets, or revealed information about their units—all in violation of the US Code of Conduct for the armed forces. Inspired by the Korean conflict, following which 13 percent of the returning 4,435 US prisoners of war were accused of serious collaboration with the enemy, the Code outlaws oral or written statements by POW's that are disloyal or harmful to the American cause.

But it's unlikely that the Pentagon will prosecute these pilots when they return. After George Smith and Claude McClure—two Green Berets with excellent military records—were released by the Viet Cong in 1965, they vigorously attacked US involvement in the war. Fearing a court case would fuel antiwar sentiment, the Defense Department quietly dropped its charges against the two soldiers and they quit the Army in disgust.

Hanoi is frequently accused of brainwashing US prisoners, although there is no evidence North Vietnam has set up a formal system of intensive indoctrination. Certainly, neither Hanoi nor the Viet Cong has a program that approaches the elaborate Chinese brainwashing system used in Korea. Moreover, according to a Defense Department study conducted on American POW's during the Korean war, the pilots held by Hanoi, because they are well-educated, should be more resistant to disagreeable indoctrination than any other servicemen. Many officers here worry about the GI's lack of enthusiasm for the war. With Dr. Strangelove undoubtedly peering over his shoulder, a 4th US Infantry Division colonel, a brigade commander, recently reasoned that the US servicemen's failure to support the war properly has resulted simply from US failure to characterize the enemy correctly. “Charlie”—the widely used nickname for the Viet Cong—is just too friendly-sounding, he said, not like Kraut or Jap. At his urging, 4th Division soldiers now call the Viet Cong “Dinks”—as in rinky-dinks.

ZALIN B. GRANT

Ghetto Merchants

A Study in Deception

by Philip G. Schrag

The Federal Trade Commission recently released the results of a two-year study of deception by merchants selling to poor consumers in the District of Columbia. The Commission documented the expected: that unfair trade practices aimed at low-income groups are common and increasing. The two most prevalent abuses are false statements about merchandise and "bait and switch" advertising, in which the consumer is lured by an advertised bargain, then told that that product is unavailable or undesirable and switched to a higher priced item.

The Commission's study focused on the District, but it concluded that there was no reason to believe Washington unique among large American cities.

These findings are not new. They have been reported often, from David Caplovitz's pioneering study, *The Poor Pay More*, to the Kerner Report. But for the first time, government is becoming interested in the problem of consumers' remedies as well as consumers' rights. This approach may be more productive than past attempts to outlaw unfair selling techniques.

Fraud, after all, has been against the law for hundreds of years. The problem is enforcement. Nearly every page of the Commission's report reveals hand-wringing over the practical difficulty of compelling compliance. In the first place, many low-income consumers are unaware when they have been cheated. Of those who want to complain, two-thirds have no idea where to go. Others are afraid to complain, or do not want to become involved. The Commission "reached out" for complaints by sending lawyers to block meetings and publicizing a "hot line" for consumer gripes. But its staff is small, and it could only spare five lawyers to work on all the phases of the DC project. Because the investigation of each complaint consumes so much staff time, the Commission could not possibly respond to the needs of poor consumers across the country.

Even after the Commission staff accumulated the

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evidence to prove its cases, the work was far from over. Its cease-and-desist orders demanded written assurances of compliance from the merchants involved, but the Commission did not have the manpower to investigate whether the stores were indeed refraining from using misleading sales talk (and half of the merchants cited failed to submit acceptable written reports). The Commission estimated that securing compliance with its orders required "almost the same type of intensive investigatory work which was involved in uncovering and proving the violation in the first place." And even when this enforcement procedure works, the Commission only prevents future violations; it has no power to obtain compensation for the victims.

The FTC's frustrations are typical of governmental agencies charged with protecting consumers. Each case requires days or weeks of investigation to amass enough evidence to prove a violation; yet state consumer protection bureaus have few lawyers and fewer investigators. The volume of complaints – which is only the top of an iceberg of abusive practices – is so staggering that the agencies can do little more than tabulate grievances and beg legislatures for more staff and broader jurisdiction. In New York, for example, the Consumer Frauds Bureau of the Attorney General's Office receives 15,000 complaints a year, but in five years the Bureau went to court only six times to attack false advertisements. New York's Attorney General, like the FTC, has no power to obtain restitution for injured buyers. In one recent case, the Bureau put out of business a fraudulent food plan and freezer sales operation, but could do nothing about the \$800,000 in time contracts that the seller had sold to a finance company, which is now enforcing them against thousands of defrauded consumers.

Normally, in the commercial milieu, individual rights are secured and enforced by those most directly affected, through individual litigation or the threat of it – by suits for damages, or defenses asserted in court to creditors' suits for payments due and owing. But consumers, particularly low-income consumers, are unlikely to go to court. Not only are they unaware that they have legal rights (which they do, despite the

commercial law's severe slant in favor of sellers and creditors) but they are effectively precluded from asserting them because the cost of litigation is almost always greater than the claims consumers assert. No attorney can afford to spend two days investigating the operations of a store, two days examining witnesses such as salesmen and other buyers, and a day in court, over a \$150 claim. His bill would necessarily be many times the client's recovery. Only a few middle-class consumers who go to court "for the principle of the thing" can be so extravagant.

The fact that legal aid societies and OEO neighborhood legal offices serve poor clients without charge does not change this; their attorneys, like those in the state agencies, can barely keep up with the tremendous volume of daily complaints. Most of them are forced, out of practical necessity, to make compromise settlements before trial in nearly every case, even when buyers have complete defenses to creditors' suits. In order to go to trial, anti-poverty agencies would require staffs and budgets many times larger than Congress or state legislatures are willing to provide.

Two reforms – which could be effected either by the courts or the legislatures (including Congress, acting through its commerce jurisdiction) – might give the consumer practical redress. One would be to provide that consumers who prevail in court are entitled to collect from merchants and credit companies all of the reasonable attorneys' fees expended in the litigation. A lawyer who felt sure of his case could spend whatever was necessary to prove it, and neither he nor his client would have to take a net loss. Legal aid societies could handle such cases in bulk and recover enough fees to avoid large budget deficits from consumer cases. This approach has worked successfully in the past: the public accommodations and fair employment sections of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 provide counsel fees to the prevailing party, and Congress also grafted a counsel fee provision onto this year's Fair Housing Act (the Senate debate even reveals a deliberate intention to permit legal aid societies to recover their expenses from discriminating owners or brokers).

A second reform would turn finance companies from friends of the merchants into allies of the consumers and would make them the policemen of the ghetto markets. Under present law in most states (Massachusetts, Vermont and California are the exceptions), consumer installment contracts may bind the buyer to waive his legal rights if the contract is sold to a credit company. Buyers neither read nor understand this clause, but it is the primary device for robbing them of their legal rights. If Greedy Merchant gets Ernest Black to sign such a contract for a "new color television," and the set turns out to be an old,

battered black and white instrument, or even if Merchant never delivers any set at all, Merchant can sell Black's contract to Ghetto Finance, Inc., for a lump sum, and Black is out of luck. Ghetto has a right to payment in full from Black, and Black has no right to tell a court that he's been robbed. Of course, after paying Ghetto, Black can sue Merchant, but first he has to find a lawyer willing to sue on a small claim, and then he has to find Merchant, who is likely, after the year or so that has passed since the sale took place, to be operating as a different

Poor Food for Poor People

After a two-year investigation into supermarket operations in the ghettos of Washington, New York and St. Louis, a House sub-committee headed by Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal is convinced that the food poor people buy is still more expensive and is still inferior to food sold in well-off neighborhoods. Recent studies in Detroit, Denver and San Francisco confirmed the subcommittee's findings, yet supermarket officials persistently deny even the "possibility" of such abuse.

The supermarkets say that thorough periodic audits, and spot checks taken at least every three weeks, would detect any price-raising by unscrupulous store managers. (But then managers are told in advance when there will be audits, and those few discrepancies that are found can be passed off as "employee carelessness." So there's no way to really get caught screwing the poor.)

Inferior food in ghetto stores is even more unlikely, they say, because warehouses are now computerized, and deliberate discrimination against any store is mechanically impossible. Store managers, however, cannot be programmed for such electronic integrity. Most of them work under a "bonus system" which rewards enterprising managers with an income boost proportionate to sales. In addition, most companies have no throwaway allowance for bad food, so rather than lose money, managers may leave produce spoiling on the shelves. Store managers in the ghetto say their sales are further eroded by small profit margins and the low level of product turnover in their stores. Asked by the House subcommittee if these factors cut deeply into profits, one manager replied: "It depends how smart you are and how you operate."

DANIEL HENNINGER

corporate entity or in a different city.

This 18th-century doctrine of the "quasi-negotiability" of contracts has no place in the modern law of consumer sales, and should be done away with in the 47 states and the District that retain it. If the finance companies knew that defenses which might be raised against merchants could also be raised against them, they would insist that the dealers from which they buy contracts deal fairly with the public. They would enforce the law in this industry because their continued profits would depend upon buying only contracts which would stand up in court, and they would

stop doing business with dealers who sold them what is known in the trade as "garbage paper."

There is a potential army of private lawyers who could handle the volume of consumer cases if it became profitable for them to do so, and there are massive credit institutions which could impose a code of ethics and fair play on ghetto merchants if the profit motive required it. It may not be necessary to have more and bigger government agencies to protect the low-income consumer. With a few adjustments in legal doctrine, the free enterprise system could become a major force for dealing with some of its worst abuses.

This Green Valley Isn't so Jolly

Yakima

Washington's rich Yakima valley is witnessing the beginnings of a movement to alter the long-standing poverty and disenfranchisement of the area's 15,000 migrant workers. But the obstacles to change are formidable. Migrant families' incomes average \$2,300 a year, in sharp contrast to the wealth of the valley farmers, whose vegetable, grain, and fruit produce rank among the most valuable grown by US counties. Life expectancy is only 55 years, and among Mexican-Americans, who make up 44 percent of the farmwork force, only 38 years.

The state of Washington has shown great indifference toward a minority which neither votes nor riots. When a 24-member advisory committee was appointed by the governor this spring to study the problems of farm labor, 12 grower and 12 worker members were chosen, a composition that guaranteed a deadlock on every issue. The committee was unable to agree on the need for workmen's compensation, though agricultural labor is considerably more hazardous than other work already covered in Washington. Thirteen other states, including Oregon and California, have provided compensation to those injured on the job. While the committee argues, farm workers continue without benefit of unemployment insurance, minimum wage or child labor laws. Democratic Attorney General John O'Connell, a candidate for governor, has accused incumbent Republican Dan Evans of "trafficking in human misery," but the migrant issue will probably not figure in the fall election. Seattle's first ghetto violence is expected to dominate the campaign.

The first stirrings of self-awareness and organization among the migrants are apparent in the formation of the United Farmworkers Cooperative in the valley town of Toppenish. Constantly accused of being an incipient farmworkers union, the co-op is so far acting

only as a discount grocery store, although it has already settled some labor squabbles on an informal basis. Modeling itself on the successes in Delano, it seeks to develop a Mexican-American ethnic organization as a matrix for future action. But in the Yakima valley, over half the farmworkers are Anglo-Saxon.

The co-op was brought into existence almost single-handedly by Tomas Villanueva, who at 27 is the soft-spoken counterpart of Cesar Chavez. Mexican-born, Villanueva did a stint as an Office of Economic Opportunity fieldworker. His 12-hour days in the store may now be diluting his effectiveness as a leader of the Mexican-American community. The Yakima valley OEO, in the same way, has taken some of the best potential leadership out of valley politics.

There is an overwhelming amount to be done, when only half the Mexican-American adults have completed the fifth grade, three of four adults have never had any immunization, families of 10 are commonly packed into one-room cabins. About 100 squalid labor camps dot the valley. Yakima County itself owns and operates some of the worst housing, and conditions in the two county labor camps for some time provided farmworker forces with their most effective issue. Built almost 30 years ago, the cabins received almost no maintenance since the county assumed their operation in the fifties. Filthy central toilet facilities serve several hundred workers at the peak of the season. Five dollars-a-week rental buys the worker and his family a 12-by-15 foot one-room cabin, with metal bedsteads (no mattresses), a tiny wood stove, and a single bare electric light bulb. In Ahtanum camp, on the outskirts of Yakima city, the county seat, residents of 14 cabins share a single water faucet, which stands next to the camp garbage facility. The State Health Board finally abandoned a hands-off poli-

cy toward county-owned camps and ordered Yakima county to make improvements, but compliance is a year away.

The County Housing Authority announced plans to raze the camps and build 120 units of new housing, thus improving about 5 percent of the valley's housing. The project, undertaken with no apparent investigation of the needs of the farmworkers, will offer cabins at rents starting at \$65 a month, well beyond the budget of most migrants.

The County Housing Authority is typical of the monolithic, grower-dominated, Republican power structure of the valley. Chairman Walter Robinson, a Yakima attorney, also sits on the county health board and the Yakima city council, despite state law prohibiting members of housing authorities from holding other public office. The four other members of the authority include three well-to-do growers and a farm equipment dealer.

Similarly, Republicans hold every courthouse office, and the only Democrat sent to the state legislature in the last 30 years served only one two-year term. School boards and city councils in valley communities read like a Who's Who in Agriculture. The three Republican county commissioners have shown no interest in the issue. (One told me, "The first thing they ought to do is teach them some sanitation.")

This summer is hardly different from any before it. A tiny legal services center has been established by the ACLU in Toppenish, running on a shoestring after white liberals in Seattle showed little interest in funding it. Five University of Washington law students and a single attorney are doing research in a number of areas, including the condition of the county labor camps, but the summer and their funds will be gone before much can be accomplished. One hope is that the county can be forced to employ a Spanish-speaking voter registrar.

Most discouraging is the apathy of the migrants themselves, who, in the absence of television and newspapers, are not reminded constantly (as is the urban black) of the discrepancy between their lives and that of middle-class America. Their transient and insecure patterns of life reinforce this alienation.

Despite the fears of the Yakima valley farmer, Cesar Chavez will probably turn his efforts to the Rio Grande valley next. The type of outside help this forgotten minority needs is probably several years away. In the meantime, the people who till the soil repeat a fatalistic theme that runs through their conversation: "We're born free and poor, and we're meant to stay that way."

NEVILLE COMPTON

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Faith, Hope & Medicare

An obscure part of Medicare is not obscure to more than 150 Southern hospitals that have been rejected or have not applied for full participation in the program because of civil rights or quality-of-service deficiencies. They form the big collectors on a Medicare provision for paying for emergency care in a nonparticipating hospital. In the rest of Medicare, no hospital or other facility gets a nickel's reimbursement if not in compliance with Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which forbids federal aid to segregated institutions (except for emergency care). In fiscal 1967, some 21,000 emergency claims were filed nationally, with 86 percent coming from the South and presumably a like percentage of the \$6 million payout going there. Hospitals in Mississippi and Alabama had 9,400 claims, and two Mississippi hospitals meeting quality standards but shy on civil rights compliance had 2,700.

Is the emergency benefit being used to pay for non-emergency care, thus circumventing the civil rights law? A New York-based doctors' magazine, *Hospital Practice*, quotes a federal physician who helped review 30,000 claims over two years in the Southeast as saying: "Emergency Medicare can be used to circumvent Title VI. I suspect it is being used this way in most cases." For Medicare to reimburse a hospital for emergency care, the attending physician must sign a statement declaring that (1) the patient needed emergency services to prevent death or serious health impairment, and (2) the services had to be given "in this, the most accessible hospital available equipped to furnish such services." US Public Health Service doctors review each claim for point 1, using guidelines. No guidelines for point 2, on "accessibility," have been issued for use by Social Security Administration field offices. The clinical information in most claims is so scanty that approval amounts to an act of faith and charity. "Are we supposed to take it out on the beneficiary if the hospital and physician keep poor records?", a federal official asked. Most emergency hospitals are of poor quality, and if Uncle Sam doesn't pay, the old patient is liable. Many Southern physicians resist queries for more data as professional affronts or federal interference. With little more to go on, PHS reviewers in the Southeast fully or partially allow almost all claims, denying only manifest absurdities. Quite a few claims include items of service unwarranted by the patient's emergency diagnosis, a PHS doctor said. Suspicions occasionally are verified, as when a hospital relayed progress notes showing "the patient can have an overnight pass" in a claim for sixty days' emergency care for a stroke. Technically, after the emergency phase,

a patient needing further care should be transferred to a regular Medicare hospital, but this is rare. Alabama and Mississippi claims are for "emergencies" averaging 11 and 12 days. Some claims pend five months awaiting more data, some get lost. There have been monumental backlogs at Atlanta Region IV (Southeast) headquarters, where two physicians review over 1,500 claims arriving monthly.

The Social Security Administration says the Medicare law does not permit it to consider the reasons for a hospital's non-Medicare status in settling an emergency claim. It notes that emergency claims represent a tiny fraction of total Medicare hospitalization claims of six million a year, that almost all the nation's 7,000 quality hospitals are in Medicare, and that civil rights holdouts are dwindling.

In time, SSA expects emergency Medicare to disappear; all emergencies would be treated in regular Medicare hospitals. However, recent Medicare amendments in Congress diluted the few quality standards applicable to emergency hospitals, and the number in Region IV rose from 79 to 144. Though offering some money incentives for converting to full Medicare status, an amendment by Georgia Sen. Herman Tammadge made it easier for Medicare to pay segregationist and substandard hospitals and washed out pre-1968 denials of claims, if beneficiaries invoked a special procedure. Some had complained that physicians and hospitals had told them Medicare would pay for services in a hospital that turned out to be non-Medicare. As the Senate Finance Committee under Louisiana's Russell Long put it, some beneficiaries "have found no payments are possible because the hospitals have not met the requirements of the law, or have refused to accept

Medicare payments. Certainly, such situations are not in accord with Medicare's commitment to older citizens that they would be helped in meeting the costs of necessary hospital care." Region IV claims rates accelerated after the amendments.

The payments form a large part of the incomes of some emergency hospitals, possibly as much as one-third. The average claim is for \$300, and one hospital had 1,600 in a year. Five hospitals account for one-third of Region IV emergency claims and all meet the quality standards for full Medicare status. One of these civil rights holdouts is a public hospital subject to desegregation under Title III of the 1964 Act, but the Justice Department has not intervened. At least one Southern hospital received emergency payments from SSA while fighting PHS on compliance; the Mobile, Ala., Infirmary actually had more admissions under emergency Medicare than three other Mobile hospitals together had under regular Medicare during the program's first eight months. The hospital later became a Medicare regular as a result of congressional pressure for compliance, even though the Infirmary still had "an unbalanced flow of Negro patients," in the words of a federal decision.

The American Public Health Association, long skeptical of the emergency benefit as a backdoor into Medicare for inferior and segregationist hospitals, renewed its questioning of federal officialdom after the *Hospital Practice* article appeared. Social Security Commissioner Robert Ball has ordered an investigation.

MAL SCHECHTER

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Storefront Schools in Harlem

by Joseph Featherstone

In what follows I want to convey some idea of what goes on in a remarkable "street academy" program run by the New York Urban League, and I also want to touch on some of the complexities that wind around such enterprises in the ghetto in these bitter times.

Street academies are schools manned by teachers and streetworkers, operating out of the abandoned storefronts that litter Harlem like empty shells on the beach. They have had considerable success in reaching what some people call dropouts and others call pushouts from the city high schools. In two years they have sent something like 140 students to various colleges, and 150 more are preparing for college in acad-

emies and 2 private schools linked to the program. There are academies in a number of places in the city, but the most established ones are in Harlem and the Lower East Side. The number of storefronts is constantly changing, as is their function; in past years the tendency was to start with a lot and then, over the course of a year, to shake down to a manageable number. Right now there are some engaged in job training and setting youths up in local business, some involved in streetwork and recreation, one for young dope addicts, and about 10 offering formal academic instruction.

The formal program is a ladder with three basic

rungs, the lowest being the street academy proper, a storefront serving anywhere from 10 to 30 students. An academy has three teachers (with college degrees) and three streetworkers. Of the 120 workers in the program, about 70 are black, mostly from Harlem, and a growing number are alumni of the academies. Streetworkers usually live in the area where they work; a few maintain apartments for homeless kids. Each academy sets its own atmosphere, but what is taught is pretty much the same: a mixture of basic, often remedial reading and math, and subjects like African and black history, sometimes Arabic or Swahili, and sociology, which usually means discussing life in Harlem.

After anywhere from six weeks to a year in a street academy, half the students graduate to the second rung of the ladder, another storefront called the Academy of Transition, which offers more systematic preparation. Then, after achieving 8th or 9th grade levels of performance, students are recommended for the third stage, one of two college preparatory schools, Newark Prep and Harlem Prep. (So far about nine in 10 of the students in the Academy of Transition have gone on.)

A visitor's notes:

A streetworker watched a student squinting at a book. It turned out the boy had never had his eyes examined, and a few days later I noticed he was wearing glasses. "Reading problem, shit," was all the worker said. Another told of a student always falling asleep in class; when he was examined, a doctor discovered a small piece of paper stuck in his left ear. For years, nobody had noticed that he was half-deaf.

An intense young teacher, black, was delivering an angry lecture on slavery. Some of his text was drawn from Stanley Elkins' study: he described the Middle Passage, read an account of the mutilation and murder of a slave, and talked about uprisings and revolts. Later, a student came up to me and demanded to know what I thought of the lecture. I said it was fine, but it left me wondering, as many people do, why there had been so few Nat Turners. I told him about Elkins' notion that the institution of slavery had to some degree really turned men into Sambos, docile, watermelon-eating darkies. He resented this—it was a slur, white history—but he was interested, and we kept talking out on the street. He was a dropout from Benjamin Franklin High; through a streetworker, he had begun spending time at the storefront. This history was better than what they taught in school—George Washington and phony stuff—but what he liked most about the teachers here was that they asked things of you, even homework. He was scornful of school, where the teachers were always trying to make

deals with the kids, where you could study or not, just so long as you didn't make trouble. That and the police all over the building, disguised as students, really bothered him. He attended classes here all morning; in the afternoon, he did chores in the storefront to earn Neighborhood Youth Corps money (\$38 a week), and hung around talking to the workers. He was proud of the fact that his studies here were academic, college preparatory. This seemed more important to him than the promise of college, which was still vague and far away, though it would be nice to get out of Harlem and see some grass and trees for a change.

In another academy: a white teacher went through a reader with a handful of students in a remedial class: two moved along pretty well, two others didn't. He explained that the kids who came in with a 6th or 7th grade reading level were fairly easy to bring up to high school standards. It was a matter of getting them to read more, to find things they were interested in. But some were in bad shape, reading at 2nd or 3rd grade levels or lower, and there was so little material for them that wasn't stupid and boring. He felt the streetworkers coddled them; they had to learn to read, and all this rapping about Harlem and the state of the black soul wasn't going to teach them phonics. "But then a lot of them wouldn't be here without one or two of the streetworkers."

I saw some reports of books a class was reading: Langston Hughes, Richard Wright, Malcolm X. The reports were competent, but not as interesting as the journals two students showed me, full of the kind of abstractly philosophical, yet confessional writing that people their age often like to try their hand at: "My existence is a mystery to me. . . ."

In the Academy of Transition: a remarkably patient older teacher went over an algebra problem time and time again for the benefit of a puzzled youth. In the next room a young teacher read the class a dialect poem by Robert Burns which was to illustrate the beginning of Romanticism. The poem, "To a Mouse," was incomprehensible to many in the class and to me. In their notebooks, some duly recorded the main features of the impending Romantic Movement. The teacher, a little embarrassed, explained to me that there was an emphasis on contemporary works, but it was also thought that the students would need to know "some of the rest of this." She was right about contemporary literature: besides a number of black writers, students said they were reading Hemingway and Steinbeck. Down the hall, a teacher was lecturing on African history, the rise of Islam. Three of his students in particular seemed fascinated. They were Muslims, and the divisions in the faith following the death of Mo-

hammered intrigued them. After class they explained some of the unfamiliar names to me and another student. As we talked a voice across the way was asking what a personal pronoun was. "A person, place or thing," came the reluctant answer. "No, a personal pronoun is. . ."

A streetworker and a teacher led an earnest discussion touching on hairstyles—"what no brother does to his hair"—and the older generation's skin creams and permanents, which angered many in the class. The teacher, looking about the same age as the students, tried to balance their arguments—parents were products of different times, you had to respect the experiences they lived through—but the class wasn't having any. At one point the teacher launched into a vehement sermon on the evils of dope. After World War II, he said, powerful teenage gangs grew up in Harlem, and the whites were so alarmed by this militance that they had introduced the narcotics trade on a large scale to break their bodies and spirits. Now again Harlem was stirring; this time they mustn't let the pushers defeat them.

In some academies, portraits of Malcolm X were in evidence; copies of the *Autobiography* were everywhere, and I got to talking with one student about the contrast between Malcolm and King. He said he admired King, had wept when he was killed, but never felt he could be like King. Malcolm was closer; he represented qualities you yourself could aim at: richer possibilities. When a streetworker joined us I asked about the courses in black and African history—it seemed to me that the lectures were good but I wasn't sure how much they meant: some students were fascinated and others weren't. They agreed that to many these were merely courses to enjoy or dislike; it was easy to exaggerate students' interest in black subjects. But they both insisted there was a growing mood of racial pride and anger, and it was important that courses were given that sanctioned this mood. The streetworker said that a few intensely serious kids needed—he didn't want to say a religion or an ideology—but something that gave them an idea of how to interpret the world, some coherent body of ideals to start with: "They can work out their own lives, you know, but they need a start, especially the ones going on to white colleges, because that's a hard scene." I wondered whether African history or even the personal example of a militant streetworker would lead to a coherent body of black ideals. He wasn't sure; nor did he know if a school could offer what he was talking about as well as, say, a Muslim organization. At its best, black consciousness could be a channel for hopes and angers; it could prepare students for what

would be a life-long struggle; and maybe a feeling of black solidarity could make it easier to grapple with the white world. It might also serve to counter the dog-eat-dog individualism of the streets. For some, he admitted, the upshot would be fanaticism and black jingoism. We ended talking about the great difference between playing the *role* of a black and actually achieving an *identity*: a role depends too much on the eyes of other people, you are still dancing on somebody else's string, whereas an identity is something you forge for yourself.

One of the strengths (and oddities) of the street academy program is the incongruous collection of people it has assembled. Representatives of very different kinds of past and present efforts to reach people in Harlem coexist and overlap like geological strata. There are white seminarians and university students, Muslims, black nationalists, and people of a more respectable cut who prefer to call themselves Negroes. The man who started and still runs the program, a white former streetworker named Harv Oostdyk, was once connected with a suburban Christian movement called Young Life. He began some years ago with a tutorial center for dropouts in the Church of the Master on Morningside Avenue, and a number of his original recruits were also Young Lifers: some are still on the staff. "Harv has learned a lot," a black worker said. "Used to be every other word was 'Jesus', but Jesus hasn't all that much of a following in Harlem, and now he's stopped that kind of talk." Mr. Oostdyk continues nonetheless to speak in tones reminiscent of muscular Christianity and ruggedly individualistic uplift—he talks of the need for streetworkers with "charisma," capable of "hand-to-hand combat" to save kids from the streets. He also has a vision of great corporate involvement in the renewal of the ghetto, arguing that business is the one segment of white society black people do not regard with disillusionment.

Some of the former Young Lifers and some of the black streetworkers share what sometimes seems a *mystique* of streetwork: "These kids are looking for answers, and we have them." Others describe their role more modestly. Some see themselves as teachers, or in some cases as accomplices of the kids against the system, giving them practical skills by which they can survive and fight back. Some say their main contribution is simply to demonstrate by their existence alternatives to dope, hustling or dead-end jobs. One white streetworker worried about his own lack of training: kids with smashed lives, real victims of Harlem, often needed professional help, and he wasn't in a position to give any. A black worker who mistrusted words like "charisma" and "motivation" described what he does this way: "I'm

available, the kids know I'm like them. Some can take a lesson. Any kid who's been able to keep from getting all strung up, who's able to move on up, is *strong* to begin with. This program is finding the strong and helping them otherwise it's kidding itself." Some workers were conservative, scornful of activists they saw as Harlem community spokesmen without a community, and militant leaders without followers: "I try to teach self-help and not a lot of crap about a revolution that isn't going to happen." Others regarded themselves as black revolutionaries in some sense. Joking, I asked one how it felt to be a revolutionary working for the Urban League. He answered, seriously, that he does worry that the program might just be the system putting its best foot forward. It was basically individualistic, and although everybody hoped some of the kids would return later to work in the ghetto, it was hard to be confident they would, hard not to suspect it was taking leadership out of Harlem. But he wasn't sure. The scene at colleges these days was so different: it was easier to stay black and angry. "When you see what happens to all the talent here, you want to cry. Then you want to do something about it." Another, a "nationalist," had fewer doubts: "If there were a revolution tomorrow, you'd still need storefronts like these to reach the kids." Both made a very odd contrast to Allah, the leader of a Muslim splinter group called the Five Percenters, the "righteous teachers." The Five Percenters operate an academy still loosely linked to the program, although there are few regular academic classes there now, and Allah complained of neglect. In his view "the children" needed more training for jobs and literacy; only a few could take advantage of college preparatory courses, and without basic skills they were going to fall prey to "savages and wolves in the streets."

The streetworkers are young; they get \$6,000 a year, and despite the prestige of the job—many students I talked to said they'd like to do streetwork—I didn't suppose most would stay with it for more than four or five years. I put this to one worker, and he said this was a fair assumption. What would they do later? Some would end up as poverty bureaucrats, wheeling and dealing in the maze of agencies in the city. If schools and other institutions ever opened up to new sources of talent, some would surely want to keep working with kids or teaching. A few might make it into politics, building from a base in the streets. What kind of politics was anybody's guess. In conversations like these, people alternated between a feeling that, after all, nothing would ever change in the ghetto, and hunches that Harlem, and particularly young Harlem, is up for grabs.

No single group in the program—whites, blacks, militants, moderates—had a monopoly on good teaching or good streetwork. What the effective people did seem to share was a quality I first thought of as moralism and later came to think of as moral passion. There were no *laissez faire* teachers: the good ones I saw preached, made demands, and seemed to indicate that learning was a serious business. My impression was that the effective whites emphasized making something of yourself, while the blacks, especially the more militant, put more stress on communal identity. The whites, when they erred, did so on the side of sanctimoniousness, the corresponding black temptation being a sort of showy bogusness.

Anyone who sets out to help the children of the poor into college has to come to terms with the fact that there is a system to our educational institutions, an interlocking set of material, cultural, and psychological barriers that separate out those who make it from those who don't. This is a truism, of course, just as it is a truism to say that the system is based on ignoring many important kinds of differences between students—the rates at which they learn, their separate interests—and standardizing their individuality. The academies have, to an extent, broken out of the usual standardizations imposed by the schools. Partly they do this by what they teach—though not, it must be said, by their methods of teaching, which are strictly conventional. The African and black history, the self-conscious militance of some of the teachers and workers do have an appeal. And in part the academies break the mold by where they are—on the streets—and by the way they can first connect with kids through streetworkers before trying to teach them anything. It makes a world of difference that they, unlike the schools, deal with willing volunteers. And yet while all this is true, it would be a mistake to ignore the hunger of many of the dropouts for manageable challenges—even conventional demands of the sort that schools are routinely supposed to offer. Personal pronouns and a sketchy sense of the relation of Burns to the Romantic Movement do not seem to me achievements particularly worth mastering. Nor are they to all students: but to a few earnest kids returning to give learning a last chance, they represent steps on the road to an education, and are taken seriously. (The faith in education that persists beneath layers of cynicism and despair after years of contact with the schools is mysterious, touching, and in some respects a little alarming: it makes these young people seem awfully vulnerable.) In some academies you see lists of rules—no swearing, no hats—which students have agreed to and in some cases have drawn up themselves.

This is part of what many are looking for—even though vain efforts at enforcing the same rules absorb all the energies of teachers and administrators in the schools. The academies are far from being oppressive places; unlike the schools, there is plenty of coming and going and cheerful noise. But a visitor leaves with an impression that there is little difference between many elements in their workings and the way an ordinary principal would want his high school to function. Somehow this makes the failure of the schools seem all the worse.

The academies are trying to teach students how to beat a system, and this involves making some substantial concessions to it. I would have said that a major concession is the stress on preparation for college; but this turns out to be a more complicated matter than it looks at first sight.

There are many things involved. Most obviously, there is the shameful waste of talent in Harlem, where half the students drop out of high school, and three-fourths of those who remain settle for the general diploma. The street academies are proving that a number of dropouts, when reached, can be pointed towards college. There is the angry, insistent drive toward achievement of at least a part of the new generation in the ghettos. This is putting a tremendous strain on all the institutions failing them, not just the schools; but the schools clearly face unprecedented demands to help lift students out of the submerged classes. The notion is spreading among the ambitious young in the ghetto that college is one of the few remaining legitimate paths up and out. Partly this reflects an acquiescence in the society's absorption with degrees and credentials; to a startling extent, the new generation has adopted the increasingly meritocratic assumptions of the rest of America. Partly, too, it reflects a justified suspicion that very few jobs offered black people without college degrees are in any sense a man's work. And partly it reflects the direct and bitter experience of many students with the high schools. Urban high schools, as the whites flee the cities, have been less and less concerned with preparing students for college. Nothing they do suggests to students that they are worthy enough to consider it a real option. Their students realize that the classes taught for the general diploma are essentially custodial in nature, that employers take a dim view of the diploma anyway, and that what is taught is not worth learning. The climate in the high schools has led to a situation where even the students who drop out seem to retain a respect for the idea of academic (college preparatory) courses, however badly taught or irrelevant to their concerns. They think of them, rightly or wrong-

ly, as offering skills that will lead somewhere. More important, they offer a token of something vital to the educational process: an assurance that the school considers them worth teaching. This is an absurd situation in some ways, meritocratic America being victimized by its own symbols. But it exists: for more and more students, dropouts or not, it is either an academic course or nothing.

Someone once told me that years ago a New York school conducted an experiment which simply involved urging every student to go to college. People came in and explained that scholarships and loans were possible, and the school promised to give students special help and keep in touch with them when they went away. By itself this improved academic performance, and led to less truancy, higher IQ's, and so on. Something similar is at work with the academies. This isn't to say that a lot of their students don't have perfectly straightforward reasons for being there. They tell you they are there because they want a crack at better jobs and a decent existence, a chance to move on up and out of Harlem. One rather sour worker told me: "They're taught to hustle real early. Some of them think college is the new hustle. To them a degree is like a big car." Some are drawn to the program, at least at first, by the Youth Corps salaries a number of students receive as work-scholarships. But for many of the students, it seemed to me, the storefronts and the workers presented a challenge to make something of yourself. The fact that the medium of the challenge was a college preparatory course was important, but secondary. The academies offered a sense that what you learned might carry you to a real future even though the specific achievements along the way were not always convincing or intrinsically worthwhile. They suggested a future in which there might be choices. Any solid identity, we are told, depends on feeling that you have choices.

It is no reflection on the academies to point out that only some of their students are able to proceed

COMING: *Why ghetto
businessmen are denied
insurance protection —
by Gilbert B. Friedman*

to the preparatory schools and then college. For the remainder they represent institutions that have taken their aspirations seriously; this is something, but not, obviously, enough. One student said his reading wasn't so good. He was making progress, because here they tried to help you find out what was wrong, and did not just give you tests to flunk you. I asked him about colleges, and he looked uncomfortable. His friends had made fun of him for trying to get into the army, but he was disappointed when he failed part of the written exam. What he really wanted to do was work on guns, be a gunsmith. He knew all about guns. The academy was a good place to him, its program is trying to set up job training courses and local businesses, but talking to him made me reflect again on the depressing quality of life in a society that has so little with which to confront all the diverse talents and imagination of its youth.

Newark and Harlem Prep, the schools that take the academies' graduates, are quite different sorts of institutions. Newark Prep is a 60-year-old private school that began by taking a few of Mr. Oostdyk's tutees and now fills a majority—around 80—of its places with academy students bused over daily from Harlem. This year it placed 27 academy students in college. Its white headmaster, Daniel Alvino, is the complete private school principal, cheerful, much concerned with rules—recently he has relaxed on beards and dress—college board scores, and the shocking state of the transcripts that come in from the Harlem public schools. Classes are quite formal, and the curriculum is that of the standard private school. The students return from this universe to Harlem in the afternoon, to tutor younger kids in the Academy of Transition, to get help or mothering for themselves, or just to hang around with workers and teachers. "Newark Prep is like out in the world," a student said. "Straight and kind of up-tight, not like the academy. It tells you what to expect."

Harlem Prep, an institution spun off from the academy program and no longer directly linked to it, has just finished its first year. It raises its own money, mostly from smaller foundations in New York, though most of its 70 students are academy graduates. It placed 30 students in college this year. During the winter it is housed in a cavernous old armory near the Harlem River Drive; the summer session I visited was out on the shady campus of another private school. Edward Carpenter, its black headmaster and a circle of students were seated around a lunch table. There was discussion of colleges: recruiters from Brandeis had been around, and two students were thinking about going. Then the talk drifted to politics and the future of the races. Mr. Carpenter had told me that

he was strictly apolitical, that the school had to stay clear of "that New York jungle" to remain independent, and I was curious what he would say. A student in Muslim dress said the only answer was a 51st state, a black people's state where they could control their own lives. This was met with scorn by another, who said that revolution was the only answer. A girl wondered whether you could have a revolution in economics and politics without violence, and this was denied by another student, who said that nothing was achieved without at least the threat of violence. This student thought a political alliance of blacks and discontented whites was possible. Through all this, Mr. Carpenter played an essentially pedagogical role. He would accept a premise and then urge the speaker to develop a program from it: how would you work the problem of the black people who didn't want to move to the 51st state, what institutions would a revolution develop, what alliances were possible with whites, and what if whites took up the challenge of violence and counterchallenged. It impressed me as an honest job of teaching. He did not condescend to the students by automatically accepting their fashionable militance, on the other hand he took what they said seriously, as indeed anyone in these tragic days should. He was mainly interested in getting them to develop their arguments, which they did with vigor.

He invited me to visit his math class, but it was hot, and I opted for a cooler room, a tiny English class. Two students were doing a kind of recitation. The idea was to stand and deliver a five-minute talk and then respond to questions and criticisms from the floor. The first student talked in sloppy terms about America as a racist society, and the floor gave him rather a hard time, asking him to explain what he meant or prove various points. A second student began to play the role of a white critic, raising all the standard objections, but elaborating on them in an extremely skillful way, obviously deriving a good deal of sardonic pleasure from his act. Then the second student delivered his recitation, a rather meditative set of questions on existence of the kind I had seen in the academies—and since there was little to do but think about them, the teacher passed around two jazz poems which were read and discussed intelligently.

An English teacher, white, told me that his students were a very mixed lot: all were pretty good, but some were at Harlem Prep simply to better themselves, whereas a growing number were more hip, more socially conscious and aware. He wondered whether there was a black version of the kind of growing upper middle-class social concern; something was spreading to some of the dropouts, especially the bright ones. The brighter students were much more militant. I wondered whether part of this might not come from

their mistrust of their own ability to withstand the lures of life at a white university: there was a tone of worried defiance in the lunchtable discussion. This may have only indicated that the students realized how awesome a jump they were going to have to make from Harlem to a white campus.

Mother Dowd, a nun in charge of Harlem Prep's relations with colleges, said it was too early to say anything about how graduates were faring at different colleges – NYU, Fordham, Wesleyan, or various places within the New York state system. She had a certain amount of experience placing black students, and she rather thought that these *were* better prepared psychologically, but there would in any case be a certain amount of anguish. One group of five at the University of Buffalo this summer session had already constituted themselves as a militant black student caucus separate from the existing black students' group. But militance did not take you very far unless your academic preparation was good. I asked whether students from Newark and Harlem Prep would be able to thrive in a conventional college program. She thought they had the training (it certainly seemed so to me), but that really boring programs and unsympathetic teachers might disillusion them. Maybe this kind of student could change the way colleges thought about teaching.

We talked about the future of the academies – how far they could expand, as they are hoping to do. My own feeling was that most universities are only ready to do a limited amount of good for the children of the poor. Christopher Jencks and David Riesman have explained the reasons that colleges are unlikely to expand programs to include poor students, for almost every institutional pressure and badge of status in the university system induces administrators to prefer able students who conform to standard programs to needy students who might not fit in. Still, as Mother Dowd pointed out, there are many more places now in colleges than there are black applicants.

The entire academy program is shifting toward greater involvement with the public schools, and particularly Benjamin Franklin High. The plan for this fall is to establish a distinct college preparatory wing inside the school, consisting of 80 graduates of street academies. (Where this will leave Newark and Harlem Prep is not altogether clear. Both expect to have street academy alumni next year; Newark Prep already has its own sources of students, and Harlem Prep is widening its admissions nets, too.) Dropouts and truants from Ben Franklin High will be farmed out to 10 street academies, where streetworkers and teachers will prepare them to return to the "Prep Wing." The program is now negotiating on such key

matters as the selection of teachers. There are plans for starting programs in other high schools.

The financing of the academies will also undergo a change: up to now the bulk of the money has come from the Ford Foundation (\$700,000 in the last year and a half), with some funds from the Neighborhood Youth Corps and the city. Now Mr. Oostdyk has persuaded a number of companies – including IBM, the First National City Bank, Celanese, and others – each to sponsor an academy in the Franklin complex. (A large academy costs about \$50,000 a year to run.) Also, in a series of complicated moves, he has tied the program to a city program of neighborhood "satellites," smaller storefronts for streetwork and recreation.

The pressure for these changes comes from within and without. The street academy staff is ambitious (though already spread too thin). Probably the new arrangements will make financing less chancy. But there are grounds for concern. One reason the street academies have succeeded is that so far they have worked from the streets up. First they established contact with students through streetworkers and teachers and then adapted institutions to fit what grew out of this relationship. They were truly decentralized units, small, and with a fair amount of autonomy for teachers and workers. This enabled them to assemble radically different sorts of people. Such an approach stands in direct contrast to the kind of grandiose institutional engineering the foundations like to sponsor in the name of "fundamental change." It runs counter to the ethos of both schools and large corporations in this country.

The price of involvement with the schools and corporations may in the end prove too high. As the emphasis of the program shifts, there will be difficulty maintaining the present assortment of people. Already one academy was closed because its director was thought too extreme, and to some extent the Five Percenter Academy is being allowed to languish. The program needs to be as various as the streets, and yet it is hard to envision a number of the militant streetworkers I talked to toeing a line chalked by the city schools, just as it is hard to believe that many corporate officials would be pleased by the tone of many of the discussions I heard.

The more the program ties in with the schools, the more it will have to reconsider its narrow aims. It is one thing to run street academies aiming to persuade gifted dropouts to go to college; it is quite another to set up an elite program in one part of a dispirited, mutinous city high school. The street academies will have to begin thinking of other challenges besides college to offer to the mass of Harlem's angry youth, and that will not be easy.



Fine Acting

In the film of Knut Hamsun's *Hunger*, Per Oscarsson gives one of the most searing screen performances I can remember. Wonderful. But the film itself, in its treatment of the novel and in its direction, is not good enough for him or for Hamsun, whom he is serving. The effect is as if an actor were giving a full-bodied performance

Hunger
(Sigma III)
Rachel, Rachel
(Warner-Seven Arts)

of a Shakespearean hero in a film of one of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

Hamsun's novel, published in 1890, is a work of genius. Among its achievements, it takes the figure of the artist out of the Romantic Era, where he had served as a symbol of new sensibility, of individualism wrenching loose from state and church and social orthodoxy, and plunges him into the consequences of his decision, thus opening up the 20th century. I. B. Singer has pointed out the relationship between Hamsun's anonymous hero and Raskolnikov. (Can it be mere coincidence that a picture of Dostoevsky hangs on the editor's wall in the film?) Rereading the book, I was struck by the way it prefigures such modern fiction as *Tropic of Cancer* and the William Burroughs novels. (There is a fine new translation of *Hunger* by the poet Robert Bly, available in a Noonday paperback.)

Hunger was Hamsun's first published novel, and, of course, its title denotes and connotes. It is an autobiographical work, telling of his early days as a

young countryman in Christiania (now Oslo) when for days he had nothing to eat, when he chewed on scraps of paper or wood shavings or bones begged from butchers. It is also the story of his hunger to insist on his self. His famished body feeds his fantasies, as he struggles to scribble short articles, invents jocular relationships with passing policemen, invents and then realizes a dream of a girl, and trudges, trudges, trudges around the busy, cozy, wintry city. Possibly its supreme achievement is that the hero is never conscious of "dying for art," never calls himself an artist, never enounces any flowery ideals. Hamsun could do this because he knew that *this novel itself*—written by the man it was about—would prove that he was an artist.

This correspondence is, fundamentally, what the film—any film of this book—lacks, since it is not an autobiographical film about a starving young filmmaker. And it may be that, for this integral reason, the book is really unfilmable—its essence is in its being a book. But to that basic difficulty, the adapters, Henning Carlsen and Peter Seeberg, have added flaws. They leave things unconcluded: what happened to the revised article that the editor wanted? They omit the walks into the country, which not only reunite the countryman with his origins but emphasize that the bulk of the book consists of his walking, or resting from walking. They omit the verse play that he writes feverishly toward the end. They give no significance whatever to his departure on the ship at the end; it simply happens.

And to all this Carlsen, who directed, adds more flaws. Several times he keeps the camera on other characters watching the hero walk away, thus cracking the work's essential solipsism. He has cast Gunnel Lindblom as the girl, an actress whose hallmark is biting passion. When she takes the hero to her apartment and allows him to begin making love, we believe her; when she asks him to stop, we do not. The role needed a more reticent actress, so fascinated by the man as to breach her conservative behavior. Carlsen has some sympathy with the book and has tried, pretty conventionally, to reproduce some of its qualities, but much of the time his camera re-

mains an observer, trying to make an art film. *Hunger* cries out for Bergman. How I wish he had made this film instead of *Hour of the Wolf*. The materials are not identical, but they suggest one another. Hamsun's poem of a rightly mad, lonely artist was made to order for Bergman's gifts of interior habitation. Which is what Carlsen's film generally lacks.

But Oscarsson! Stiff, gaunt, ragged, proud, secretly gleeful, secretly desperate, he stalks through that gray city like a torch whose burning is invisible to everyone but us. That was the prime necessity for the role, I think—the ability to ignite, to light a central flame that is confidently and carelessly there even when he is kowtowing to editors or begging for shelter or raving to old men in the park. He knows who he is. And this is what the girl senses in the unshaved, bespectacled young man with brown teeth and soiled clothes. It is not only sex, though sex he certainly emanates: it is uncomprehended awe on her part. All fully certified by Oscarsson.

In 1966 Oscarsson won the Cannes Festival award for this performance, a singular instance of sense in those prizes. The film was shown in the 1966 New York Festival, then waited two years for release. To read the Bly translation and then see Oscarsson—for he has based his performance on the novel, not on the screenplay—is an unforgettable experience.

The music is by Krzysztof Komeda, Polanski's customary composer, and is very helpful.

Incidentally, I wonder how it feels to be Norwegian and hear this Norwegian classic spoken in Swedish. Is it like being an Italian and hearing Manzoni in Spanish?

Another good performance, though not at the same level, comes from Joanne Woodward in *Rachel, Rachel*. (The title presumably refers to the old song about boys hating girls and vice versa.) She plays a schoolteacher, a virgin of 35 living with her widowed invalid mother in a small Midwestern town. The theme is loneliness and, even today, a woman's relative inability to do much about it. To bring this old theme up-to-date, there are hints of masturbation and lesbianism, much is

(Continued on page 41)

Books and the Arts

The Humanism of Keats

by Harold Bloom

When Keats, as his own questing hero of the great fragment, *The Fall of Hyperion*, directly confronts his Muse in Moneta, he achieves one of the agonized but genuine triumphs of Romantic tradition. She is, to speak merely pragmatically, at the start something of a bitch goddess, placing herself above the purgatorial stairs not so much to instruct or even admonish

John Keats
by Robert Gittings
(Little, Brown; \$8.95)

her poet, as to exult in his destruction. It is Keats' mature power as a poet, and his continued relevance to us, that he proceeds to convert his own Muse in the course of the fragment, and that he can do this without our resentment, as readers, against his own exemplification of what he objected to in Wordsworth as the Egotistical Sublime. We accept in Keats what he rebelled against in Wordsworth: his final presentation of his own torments of self-consciousness as being central to his readers' own dilemma as modern men, alone with their own dualisms; their bafflement in the face of the external object, and their own interior split between heart and head. Wordsworth persuaded Keats that it was still possible to see into the life of things, and to be laid asleep in body as a living soul. Keats' fame, and the justification for the recent torrent of massive critical biographies, is that he fulfilled Wordsworth's prophecy of a possible poet. For Keats the earthly paradise was not a history only of departed things, nor a mere fiction. And for him more even than for Wordsworth or Whitman or perhaps any poet until Wallace Stevens, the earth was enough. Because it seemed to Keats as if the honey of common summer might be enough, because Keats lived so purga-

torial and pure a version of the poet's life, he has become and remains central to almost all of us.

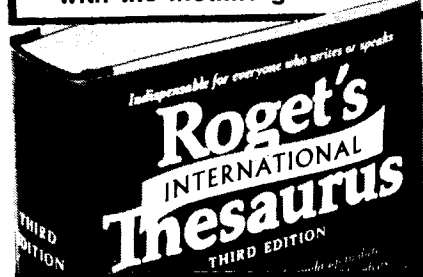
A first-rate critical biography of Keats is therefore a work of considerable relevance, and anyone who reads Keats ought to read one, especially since there is no particularly distinguished purely critical study of him. But which critical biography? The older ones are outdated, both in biographical fact and as criticism. The choice is therefore between the new ones: by Aileen Ward (1963), Walter Jackson Bate (1963), Douglas Bush (1966) and now Robert Gittings. There is a certain overcrowding here, for the general reader anyway, and one book necessarily must displace the others, different and even non-competitive as their individual achievements may be. They are all good books, and it is a rewarding labor to have reread the first three, as I have just done, to accompany a reading of the Gittings. The combined effect of the four books is very strong, and to return to crucial poems by Keats afterwards is to see the usefulness of critical biography, and also the astonishing strength of Keats, whose exemplary life and work can absorb all this commentary without being exhausted by it.

The two full-length biographies by Ward and Bate are American works; the Bush (which is very compact) is American, or Canadian-American; the Gittings is English, and is also full-length. Gittings is a poet, and general man-of-letters, as well as a thorough scholar; the Americans are all university teachers. Except for the Bush, which wisely uses its briefer space to concentrate upon the poems, the books are composed equally of biography and criticism, but Bate's is much the longest, and handles the poems more fully than Ward or Gittings. The vital questions are, I think, who best combines

biography and criticism, in mutual illumination? Who is the best narrative biographer, as such? Finally, who gives the most accurate, suggestive, useful account of the poems? After reading them in concert, I have no doubt that the answer to all three questions is, Bate. Since I am reviewing Gittings, I shall be giving most of my space to him, but some cross-reference is necessary, if just standards are to be applied.

Gittings, like the previous biographers, shows a deep love for Keats, and has a passion for facts that perhaps surpasses that of his predecessors. Scrupulous as they were, Gittings appears to be even more accurate in most questions of mere fact, or at least he gives the impression of being closer to the original sources for a life of Keats. That is certainly a great virtue, and

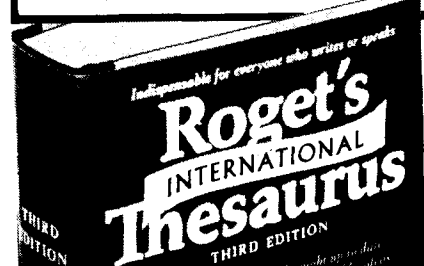
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undoubtedly an English perspective does show a reader much in Keats' life that American perspectives cannot reveal. Unfortunately, Gittings is a little too conscious of this. He seems haunted by the temporal precedence of his recent American rivals (whom he handsomely acknowledges in the foreword), and he works a little too hard to achieve an English flavor he might have taken for granted, as a biographer.

What emerges in Gittings, as in Bate, is a clear picture of Keats as a natural humanist, or a naturalistically grounded humanist, in the name of his friend Hazlitt, with whom he had more in common than with any other contemporary. Ward shows this also, but her Freudian account is not thorough enough in its Freudianism to avoid an

excessive reductionism that too frequently explains away Keats' deepest beliefs as being only responses to the peculiar difficulties of the poet's early years. Bush sees exactly what Keats was — the first major English poet who made a religion of poetry and of love, and had no other religion. But Bush is made uneasy by this, and does little with it. Gittings and Bate, in their visions of Keats the man, alone do justice to Keats' humanism. Gittings sets forth Keats' skepticism, and his quite overt rejection of Christianity, with clarity and firmness. This candor is also refreshing in Gittings' informed surmises on the difficult question of Keats' actual sexual experience, difficult because we cannot be certain that he ever had any, though Gittings thinks that he did (I don't). Much of Gittings' strength as a literary biographer is in his power of accurate generalization, shown at its best when he describes Keats' state four days before his death:

"The ideal of disinterestedness, at which he had aimed all his mature life, seemed achieved. As he had done in the crises of life, he now found comfort in the face of death by identifying himself with another person. Suffering had laid cruelly bare his abnormally passionate nature, unbalanced since his boyhood, always in extremes; yet the philosophy he had always sought, and had embodied in his doctrines of negative capability and soul-making, came to his rescue at the last. Still rejecting Christianity, he found his final consolation in losing his own nature in that of others. His essential belief in the poet's view of life saved him now in death."

This is wholly admirable. Yet Gittings' book is less of an achievement in the two areas where I would find it disappointing even if Bate were not available, and where Bate is so immensely the stronger that Gittings suffers perhaps too much in the nevertheless inevitable comparison. In the balancings and blendings of Keats' life and poetry, Bate is a master and Gittings rather uneven, while as a critic of the poetry Gittings is never adequate, and Bate always is superb, as Bush sometimes is also. Here Gittings

is no more satisfactory than Ward; both are reductive readers of poetry, tending to interpret it as a kind of autobiography, or as an expression in heightened form of thoughts or doctrines that could exist independently of it. What I miss most in Gittings is what I find everywhere in Bate, the overwhelming sense that Keats' poetry itself has of its problematic relation to the embarrassments of poetic tradition.

No poet before or since Keats has known so precisely how heavy the burden was that the modern poet had to sustain. This is the difficult theme of *The Fall of Hyperion*, and of several of the great odes and sonnets. Keats understood the problem of poetic influence as only the great post-Miltonic poets have understood it (it is one of the many ways in which most critics trail behind poets) and he tried more strenuously than any other poet to realize the consequences of such understanding. What was left to be done? After the internalization of the great themes carried through by Milton, and the still more inward light of Wordsworth, how was the poet of epic ambition to relate himself to a subject that was not merely himself? What Muse was there still to be invoked? It is not just that Keats thought so much, and so deeply, on these matters, but that he wrote *The Fall of Hyperion*, a fragment, yet his testament, in which an answer to these aching questions of the modern poet is attempted. Now, with W. B. Yeats and Wallace Stevens and most of the greater figures of modernist poetry gone, but with their works constituting fresh embarrassments of poetic tradition, and with our younger poets hardly able to find anything worth doing, any study of Keats with real critical understanding necessarily seeks insight into *The Fall of Hyperion*. Gittings, despite his love of Keats, scarcely even sees what the poem is about. He has made a good contribution to our hoard of facts, and he can tell a poet's story, but a reader looking for full measure in a critical biography of Keats still is best advised to find a copy of Bate. It is Gittings' misfortune to be competing with a masterpiece of critical biography, and indeed with one of the half-dozen or so achievements in modern literary study that should survive us.

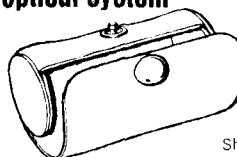
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Diplomacy as Theatre

by John Osborne

In the prose portions of this handsome book, Conor Cruise O'Brien asks us to view and value the United Nations for what "it actually is": a spectacle, a show, a continuing "ceremony of survival" in which assorted proxies for mankind act out "humanity's prayer to itself to be saved from itself." Feliks Topolski, born a Pole and long a Londoner, friend and mocker of the

The United Nations: Sacred Drama
by Conor Cruise O'Brien and
Feliks Topolski
(Simon & Schuster; \$7.95)

mighty, shows us in 150 big pages of pencil drawings the performers of the UN drama—diplomats and their ladies, military "peace-keepers," stuffed Europeans and prissy blacks and power-blown Americans—as he has been observing them in New York, London, the Middle East, and Africa since 1946. Most of his sketches seem at first glance to be scrawled blurs, but they are worth study. Here, alive in the blur, is the human substance of Mr. O'Brien's ritual drama, swinging as he says "from tragedy to farce and back again" and, at its lowest level, "a desperately serious farce, on whose continued run our lives may depend."

People who remember *To Katanga and Back*, Mr. O'Brien's account of his and the UN's Congo experience in the early 1960's, and his collection of essays, *Writers and Politics* (1965), will find here very little of the rage but a lot of the prickly wit that infused the earlier books. Depicting and pleading for the UN "as it actually is" in its ceremonial capacity requires the author, a sometime Irish diplomat and international bureaucrat, to accept with hitherto unaccustomed calm "the reality of the United States predominance in the United Nations." He foresees with pleasure a time when the Soviet Union may find it feasible to put the UN to the kind of uses that so far have principally served American purposes. He resents the influence that goes with "the indispensable and in-

tolerable generosity" of the United States as the organization's richest patron. He delights in exposing the "pious and idealistic" elements of sham in the American role; the American ambassador-in-chief as "a sort of diplomatic television-bishop mediating between America's activities in the real world—which are no less hard and self-interested than those of other powers—and the ideas which America, in its church-going moods and aspects, likes to hold of itself." But, given O'Brien's premise about the UN in its political guise (its economic and developmental functions are dismissed in a footnote), sham cannot be called a sin. It is practiced by all the actors, it is essential to the saving drama of survival. It is as a stage for sham, in rites rendered sacred by the world's need of them, that the United Nations enables the member powers, and the two polar powers in particular, to act out rather than fight out the most critical of their conflicts and frustrations.

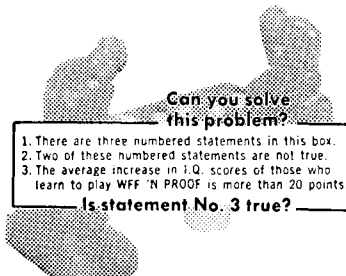
Four recent crises—Suez and Hungary in 1956; the Cuban missile confrontation of 1962; the Arab-Israeli war in 1967—are cited as examples, fortunately rare, of the times when "men turn toward the United Nations as to a shrine and talisman for the averting of imminent doom." In these instances "the United Nations provided all it had to provide: dramatized legitimation, an aura of dignity and piety, for the clothing of a great power which wanted to climb down, and whose climbing down preserved the peace." The United States, choosing not to intervene in Hungary, pretended that it could not act in the absence of UN action and approval. Great Britain and France pretended that they withdrew from Suez at the General Assembly's command, rather than in submission to the United States and the Soviet Union. Nikita Khrushchev, withdrawing his missiles and turning back his missile-laden ships from Cuba, pretended that he submitted to the Secretary General rather than to President Kennedy. By "vigorous use of the dramatic resources of the United Nations" dur-

ing and after the event, the Soviet Union appeased its defeated Arab friends and obscured its refusal to risk confrontation with the United States in their behalf against Israel last year. At such times, the UN provides the great powers "with an alternative and sacrosanct means of preserving their dignity on the world stage in conditions where the normal means of preserving dignity, that of adhering to a consistent course, would carry them and the world over the brink of war." When and if the United States "wishes to prepare the way for a retreat from Vietnam, with as much dignity as possible," it may invoke the ritual and "bow to the United Nations" in lieu of acknowledging defeat and a humiliating error of policy.

Mr. O'Brien, who for a time was Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, writes with special sensitivity and appreciation of the African actors at this

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theatre on the East River. Among the membership at large and in the Secretariat, "bitter contempt for Africans" and "deep-seated feelings of hostility and fear" lie behind the mask of world fellowship. But "the Africans, perhaps because their own politics contain such large elements of symbolism and drama, seem to have grasped from the beginning the true possibilities of the United Nations." The sanctions against white Rhodesia and the General Assembly's command (defied, but still "potentially momentous") to the

Republic of South Africa to give up its mandate over South-West Africa, are the results of British and American responses to "African indignation and impatience acted out in the Assembly." Ever anxious for "the good opinion of mankind" and especially of black mankind, at home and abroad, the United States must respond in some measure to the Africans and vest them with a little of its power so long as it "continues to feel that it needs reassurance and validation and legitimacy for its international role, and to seek these in

the sacred halls of the United Nations."

If the United Nations is in its useful essence a temple of last resort to which men go for salvation, a theatre in which they act out the means of salvation, it follows that the Secretary General of the United Nations must be "the high priest of the shrine" – or be nothing. His real authority, like that of the organization he serves, is moral, spiritual, *religious*. A profanation occurs, the Secretary General's authority and usefulness are impaired and may be destroyed, when he "steps down from the religious level of politics, to the level of applied politics." And this is all but certain to happen when the Secretary General becomes responsible for the UN's military "peace-keeping" operations. However necessary these missions may be in themselves, they are military and therefore sordid and not "always such that the chief priest of peace can with any propriety carry responsibility for them." If he pleases the powers that support an operation, he offends those who oppose it (as Dag Hammarskjöld pleased the United States and displeased the Soviet Union, France and Britain in the Congo), and so diminishes or forfeits his crucial capacity to mediate in ultimate crises. O'Brien would "restore and safeguard the spiritual authority of the Secretary General" by isolating him from all UN military operations. He would entrust overall civilian responsibility for them to an interim appointee, a "Coordinator" who would report directly to the authorizing body (either the Security Council or the General Assembly) and who could, if matters went sour, be treated as a disposable scapegoat.

The author also would require member powers who favor particular peace-keeping ventures to finance them; would admit Communist China to the United Nations forthwith and without quibble over the status and fate of Nationalist China; and would stop assuming that Soviet Russian and other Communist employees of the UN Secretariat are spies per se. Mostly, however, Conor Cruise O'Brien would have us perceive that much in the UN performance which seems to be fantastic and feckless is what makes "the ritual at the brink" possible.

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DOUBLEDAY

Mighty Mouse

by Daniel Aaron

Since the publication of Thomas Beer's biography of Stephen Crane 45 years ago, the trickle of information and commentary on that once neglected author has grown to tidal proportions. More than 600 articles have been written about him during the last decade and a half, according to Robert W. Stallman—himself a mighty tributary to the Crane flood—and Crane now

Stephen Crane
A Biography
by R. W. Stallman
(Braziller; \$12.50)

enjoys an esteem not accorded most of his contemporary friends and sponsors. High-school and college students, unable to cope with Victorian Latinity, find *The Red Badge of Courage* as easy to read as *The Sun Also Rises*. His morality (usually profanely conveyed), his irony and impressionism, his fascination with violence, his susceptibility to feeling, all suit the modern "existential" temper. ("Forget what you think about it," he advises the young writer, "and tell how you feel about it." Or, quoting Emerson, "Congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous age.") He was honest and wistful and disreputable; he died before he reached his disqualifying thirties; and his short adventure-packed life (he reminds us of some forlorn figure in a Ryder landscape) was thickened by disaster.

As early as 1952, Professor Stallman began a one-man campaign to salvage Crane's work and reputation, and in the process of eliminating legends and lies and uncovering buried facts, he has understandably adopted a proprietary attitude toward his subject. If he does not exactly treat other critics and biographers as culprits or interlopers, he raps them for their carelessness, acidly notes what they've overlooked or misconstrued, disputes their findings, and demolishes their interpretations. Thomas Beer, he warns, can't be trusted because he burned the letters he quoted in his biography of

Crane and suppressed pertinent evidence about Crane's private life—especially his liaisons with women. John Berryman, he concedes, "added new insights and some new material," but, according to Stallman, his biography is also marred by errors and his psychoanalytical portrait is no more convincing than Beer's undocumented and subjective one.

Stallman's blockbuster biography armored with thick platings of documentation—a lengthy appendix, essay-like footnotes, check lists—makes use of letters and secondary material (much of it turned up by the indefatigable author) either unnoticed by Beer and Berryman or unavailable to them. Slowly and inexorably it rolls on, as Crane might say, "like Texas." Every scrap of information about Crane, every rumor, every reminiscence is scrutinized and tested. Unremarkable passages from unremarkable works are introduced for their biographical hints. The result is an exhaustive compilation that covers each phase of Crane's short career: schoolboy, reporter, fiction writer, foreign correspondent, celebrity, and literary hack.

Parts of Stallman's story have a familiar sound, for he has incorporated chunks of material, biographical and critical, that first appeared in his introductions to four separately published volumes of Crane's stories, letters, war dispatches, and sketches. Thus, to this degree, it is a work of supererogation. Paraphrases and quotations from Crane's letters and a substantial amount of critical comment tend to slow down the pace of the narrative and add little of major importance to Stallman's previously published statements on Crane's literary accomplishments. All the same, as he keeps reminding his readers, the biography contains information heretofore unpublished, and scholars, whether or not they agree with Stallman's literary judgments, will have to explore his episodic and gossipy book in search of the essential Crane.

The figure that finally emerges after 641 pages of text and notes is the same

brash and sensitive "youth" already familiar to Crane's admirers but projected for the first time against the background of his times. A romantic, a poseur of sorts, he early assumes the character of the hard-boiled reporter and frequenter of low resorts, part Tenderloin hooligan, part Western roughneck. He is studiously and conscientiously anti-genteel. He constantly tests himself like his alter ego in an unpublished sketch unearthed by Stallman: "a young man of great energy, ready to accomplish a colossal thing for the basic reason that he was ignorant of its magnitude," and attacking "all obstacles in life in a spirit of contempt." Improvident and unreliable about money matters, he prefers the company of aristocrats and the blue-collared class to bourgeois vulgarities. He clutches his privacy,

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sometimes at the expense of others who love or depend upon him. Stallman can even call him on occasion "a smart-aleck and an irresponsible heel." Ironical about the world and himself, particularly himself, he mocks his own egoism and pride. But if he is cynical, and if he at moments behaves perversely, the haughty outsider craves affection and yearns for recognition. He is drawn to outlaws ("assassin" is one of his talismanic words), and he observes life as a series of battles, the most strenuous of which is the struggle with himself. In short, he is a composite of contradictions, alternately lazy and energetic, low-brow and gentlemanly, a psychologist of fear while personally brave, suspicious of privilege yet repelled by radical orthodoxies.

Stallman seems eager to set straight the question of Crane's masculinity and to dispel what he considers Beer's "insinuation" that Crane's predilection for older women hints at latent homosexuality. "Crane," he asserts, "drank and smoked and had a hankering for women. There is nothing unusual about that." But he also notes—rather incuriously, it seems, that with the exception of two of his alleged "affairs," Crane was attracted to older women, demireps, and prostitutes. Cora Taylor, his wife without benefit of law or clergy, was the only woman with whom he had a protracted and intimate relation. She adored her "mouse," as she tenderly addressed him, but he half-resented her solicitude and on occasion treated her shabbily. Stallman's accounts of Crane's other loves are too shadowy and inconclusive to be as revealing as he makes them out to be. One would like to know more about the erotic verses which, according to James Gibbons Huneker, Crane destroyed and the novel about a boy prostitute, *Flowers in Asphalt*, that he began in Havana in 1898 and presumably never completed. Perhaps there is more to Crane than meets the biographer's eye.

And yet if Stallman can't resolve all of the mystery surrounding Crane, his super-saturated, sympathetically objective biography convincingly detaches the authentic writer from the lurid legend, and establishes itself as the best source for understanding him.

Despite its dull parts, *Stephen Crane* is often absorbing, especially the sections dealing with Crane's Cuban adventures and his disastrous English sojourn, "a nightmare" (Ford Hueffer said) "of misplaced hospitality, of lugubrious dissipation," when Crane desperately churned out trash to pay for his extravagant mode of living. Not even the affectionate attentions of Conrad, Henry James and Harold Frederic could mitigate the painfulness and frustration of these last years, and Stallman is at his best in recounting them.

Like Hemingway, Crane made periodic forays in quest of facts to stoke the fires of his imagination. How to get these facts exactly right, how to register the "felt truth" of one's personal vision—this was his obsession. Unlike Hemingway, he was too distracted by the buzz of the world and by internal conflicts to practice his art with religious dedication. The visionary power of his best writing startles, as Joseph Conrad remarked, but does not induce reflection. "I could not explain why he disappoints me," Conrad continued in a passage Stallman quotes—"why my enthusiasm withers as soon as I close the book. While one reads, of course, he is not to be questioned. He is the master of his reader to the very last line—then—apparently for no reason at all—he seems to let go his hold." This is not a popular view today nor is it one that Stallman shares. Yet his biography demonstrates almost inadvertently why and how such an incandescent talent could burn out so quickly, leaving a small but semi-precious residue.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Harold Bloom, who teaches at Yale, is author of the forthcoming *Yeats: A Study in Romanticism and various books on Romantic poetry*. Daniel Aaron is professor of American Studies at Smith College. Mario Amaya is the editor of a London magazine called *Art and Artists*.

Coming

*Review by Joseph Epstein
of The Constant Circle:
H. L. Mencken and His Friends*

ART

The Smell of Disaster

Venice

With the Biennale half over (it closes October 20), one can say with firm conviction that the world's largest shop window for international modern art has been cracked beyond repair. Apart from the student riots and police brutality of the opening week, which converted the "drawing-room of Europe" into a bloody battlefield, many of the pavilions are still closed, the crowds have dwindled to a trickle of curious sightseers and the coveted prizes have still to be handed out. The exhibition on its 34th time round has the smell of disaster.

The Italian Pavilion, half-empty with rain pouring into its partly reconstructed interior, was this year to be the beauty-patch on a visage that is showing its age. It isn't. A large retrospective of contemporary art from 1950 to 1965, called "From Informal to Structural Art," never materialized because its guest directors (including François Mathey of the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris, and Kynaston McShine of the Jewish Museum in New York) walked out in protest against the way the Italians were going about things: threatened domination of the selection and placement of the works was reportedly only one point at issue.

Hopeless mismanagement on a pre-Mussolini scale delayed the opening of the promised large Futurist exhibition, and at the time of writing it still is not a reality. The pavilion is chaotic—works dumped unceremoniously just the way they arrived from the shippers, paintings turned towards the walls, many sculptures covered over with paper wrappings on which are scrawled: "Contra La Biennale," and "La Violence Uccide La Cultura."

Officials have coolly responded with a placard that turgidly declaims: "With the object of unconditionally respecting the freedom of expression of the exhibitors, the rooms of the Italian section are presented in the condition by which the individual artists spon-

aneously chose to manifest their attitudes." Marinetti and the Futurists would have been amused.

Outside the Italian Pavilion, things are not as bad as they were the opening week. The French Pavilion, which couldn't make up its mind whether it was closed or not, has more or less pulled itself together. Arman insisted from the start that his runny tubes of paint trapped inside blocks of plastic would remain on show no matter what. Nicholas Schöffer, on the other hand, had half-covered the entrance door to his display (leaving enough of a gap for those interested to see inside) with a notice that stated *Chiuso*. However, the room filled with his shiny revolving objects bathed in colored lights is now definitely *Aperto*, no doubt because of a beady dealer who sneaked back to unveil the display after the artist left Venice.

The most mysterious protest comes from the Swedes, who undiplomatically decided to shut down their pavilion, announcing ambiguously that they refused to exhibit "under the conditions which prevail." Whether they were protesting the police or the rioting students wasn't clear, but it incited five Danes to storm their pavilion and declare it re-opened. In a masterpiece of double-think, the Danes said: "We are against the Biennale and against the police who have invaded the Biennale, and we are against art which is not free. But we want the public to see the exhibition because only thus can they evaluate things as they really exist." The Swedes went home in a huff.

The Russians have side-stepped the entire issue by not opening their pavilion at all, but perhaps this is because, as usual, they still are not ready.

In retrospect, one finds it hard to determine what it was that the students were rioting about. They had declared before opening day that they would occupy the Giardini grounds where the exhibition is taking place, as a manifestation against "capitalist"

art and its commercial market. Although sympathetic exhibiting artists met with them in a long and rowdy session, they refused to guarantee the safety of the works once they took over.

As a result, the police contingent guarding the Giardini was tripled and the militia was called in. For the first three days it was impossible to get into the show without identification papers, all of which looks silly now since anyone can climb over the low iron railing that surrounds the place and enter without even paying the admission fee.

The students, who had occupied the Accademia for several months prior to the Biennale, made the most of opening week: they ran a red flag up the pole in front of San Marco and taunted the soldiers with insults. None of this seemed to merit the militia's truncheon-swinging attacks on the crowds in Saint Mark's Square, which included tourists and local strollers.



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The brutality was unforgivable, but the whole event had no greater effect than to force Quadri's to close "for the first time in 200 years," as a furious waiter putting up the shutters remarked; and to put to flight the members of those two incorrigible bands that have played against each other in the Piazza since Dante. The next day all was in order again, the bands were playing, Quadri's was open, and tourists were photographing each other feeding the pigeons. It scarcely parallels Courbet's activities in 1848, as one mimeographed student-leaflet sought to maintain.

With the students left complaining that police were called in only to cover up the inefficiencies of local officials organizing the Biennale, the whole thing was reduced to petty political bickering in which Italy excels. The Americans, however, were taking no chances, and they held their reception on the Lido, a twenty-minute boat ride away, to avoid a threatened demonstration.

Now that all has quieted down, art is once more left alone, and evaluating this year's offerings at the Biennale makes one wonder if the demonstrations were worth the trouble. The "capitalist" products shipped to Venice this year are capable of damning themselves without any outside help.

Switzerland is offering blue-chip stock with an exhibition of Fritz Glarner's paintings, stacked side by side as boringly as tins of soup. Nearby, Delvaux's Surrealist fantasies in the Belgium Pavilion look tame and predictable, and Mexico's offering of Rufino Tamayos looks as out of date as a Carmen Miranda movie.

Venezuela has claimed Paris-born and New York-based Marisol for its own, and has given her a stage on which she has placed innumerable variations of herself as different people at a party. The result is a set of tediously cute exercises in egomania. But I liked the little colored benches and tables she had made for the show.

Ironically, the British Pavilion, by common consent, is for the first time the most professional looking and the best selected. Limited to two artists—Bridget Riley and Phillip King—the result is a well-spaced, clean looking

show that is as balanced as it is exciting. Miss Riley, with her incredible control and finish, dazzles the eye with a new series of colored optical designs that strongly compete with the sparkling lagoon outside the Giardini. The crackling brilliance of these kinetic patterns is a perfect complement to King's monumental colored constructions which sweep up all available space around them. The bright orange and green of *Call*, which stands like a sentinel outside the entrance to the pavilion, physically engages the spectator with its four forms (two uprights and two rectangles set on their corners) which have their own logic of scale and color that organizes the very atmosphere in which they reside. If prizes were given to pavilions (instead of to individual artists) as has been suggested, the British display would win hands down.

This year, the American Pavilion, under the Smithsonian Institution, has been turned over to Norman Geske of the University of Nebraska. It is the most confused and cluttered display I have ever seen and it does a deep disservice to some of the artists on view.

After the avant-garde American takeover at the last two Biennales, Mr. Geske understandably wanted to show a different side of American art from the color-field abstractions and geometric constructions that we have begun to take for granted in Europe. So he has turned to what he confusingly calls "The Figurative Tradition." Unfortunately this does not mean Segal, Trova, Oldenburg, Wesselman, Kienholz or any number of new pacesetters, but a group of old-style figurative artists such as Richard Diebenkorn, Fairfield Porter, Edwin Dickinson and Leonard Baskin. The fact that these artists are not producing fashionable works is nothing against them: they are all, in their various ways, quite interesting—Dickinson as a hanger-on of Surrealism, Diebenkorn in a sub-Matisse/Bonnard manner, Fairfield Porter as an echo of Hopper.

But what are they doing hitched to a younger generation that includes Red Grooms, James McGarrell, Frank Gallo, Robert Cremean and Byron Burford? Of the latter five, only Grooms shows some individuality, with a sort

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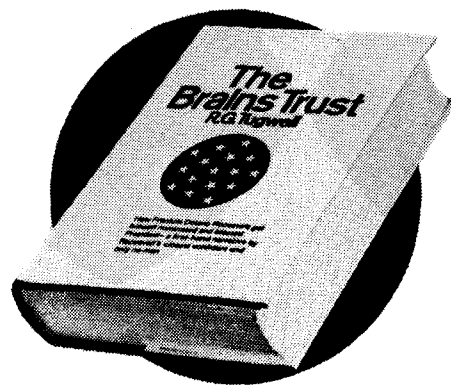
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of folk/pop combination of papier-mâché buildings and figures in a huge depiction of Chicago. This display, which alone could have filled half the pavilion, is crammed into a corner where its scale suffers, no doubt in order to accommodate all the other things in the exhibition, which runs to 73 items, including sculpture, paintings, drawings, prints and book illustrations.

Outside the Monticello-esque pavilion, under fluttering American flags, stand a group of overblown and lumpy bronzes by Reuben Nakian. Personally, I cannot see Mr. Nakian's work linking up to the "figurative tradition" that Mr. Geske has in mind, since it is a sort of craggy, expressionist abstractionism of the worst kind, with the "figuration" hardly discernible under the rough-surface piles of bronze that have been titivated in spots with a golden finish.

Leonard Baskin's work has also never captivated me, although he is highly respected in America, but one could at least make a case for his generalized and smoothed-over forms in bronze and wood, even if they are reminiscent of the Reg Butler of ten years ago.

Several of these artists, notably Porter and Dickinson, deserve more international attention than they have had, but to group them together, just because they have been left behind, seems arbitrary and perverse in the extreme. No doubt such a selection would make more sense in America, where there has been an unreasonable reaction against figuration, but to Europeans it is pointless, for we have never thrown away our respect for figurative art in the face of succeeding avant-garde styles. It is sad that such a confusing and provincial selection was made at a time when Europe looks as a matter of course to the US for new directions.

Taken as a whole, the 34th Biennale isn't worth much, and for the first time the usual rumors that this one might be the last seem justified. In any event, Mr. Cohn-Bendit, who threatened to descend on Venice with 10,000 students on opening day, obviously didn't think the occasion merited much attention either. He chose at the last minute not to turn up. MARIO AMAYA

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Life on the Block

Sirs:

Our block log for one day is prompted by Warren Unna's pertinent Washington, D. C., report (NR, July 27):

10 AM—coins and paper money thrown by four men, playing with one-inch square dice at house No. 115, at an intersection.

11 AM—"bookie" collectors start their rounds at designated buildings. (These are ghetto quarters, occupied mostly by ethnic minority groups, with two and three families in one apartment, compelled to have the street supplement their living quarters.) The bookies write numbers on slips and "gather in the shekels" from denizens who have forgotten how to dream and only believe their salvation is through luck with their bookie.

Noon to 3 PM—shunning playgrounds, children at monotonous play break bottles, run around and under cars, throw cans, drag a dead rat—by a string—on the sidewalk, or for a change break windows and clog drains on roofs. All with intermittent thunderous outbursts, squealing, yelling, unaware of their sorrowful lot and the harm to the rest of us, their captive audience.

3:30 to 6 PM—policy numbers collections resumed. Lush business is provided, unskilled workers on this block part residential, part industrial.

6:30 PM—"dope"-peddler with two-inch plastic envelopes with the "white stuff," taken from his cache place, an unplugged hydrant, has a rendezvous with young people to whom he is always available, for them to buy the "stuff" from him.

7 to 9 PM—In the interest of "keeping the cool," the city-supplied shower sprayhead on the hydrant wets the street, washes many passing cars; the children avoid the too-cold water flow, the rats run gaily for their drink.

10 PM—master numbers collector picks up slips and money at restaurant,

TV store, delicatessen and grocery shops, run by his "sub-contractors" or aides and he often gives them extra gratuities for work well done in his behalf during the day.

11:30 PM—marijuana cigarette-maker, in his car, with a buddy, deftly rolls about a dozen cigarettes, sells them at the corner and returns in his car to the middle of the block to repeat the process.

12:40 AM—so-called community-minded factotum and a mother keep rendezvous with male paying guests—all for the "sake of her children."

Our colloquy with police brings a stereotyped answer: "your community is really not bad." Police the world over have been trained to restrain violent crime by force. To change social thinking, we would have to substitute social thinkers for police and police judges.

I. Luttan

Brooklyn, N. Y.

When US Subsidized Cuba

Sirs:

In his review (July 20) of several books on the new Cuba David J. Morris wrote: "At both times (1933, when there was an abortive revolution, and in 1959 when Castro's successful one happened) properties of American companies were nationalized and the US intervened by cutting off economic aid." He says further, "when you control 50 percent of a country's resources, cutting off aid and relations is tantamount to massive interference."

... Cuba received a negligible amount of US economic aid in the 20 years before the Castro revolution—less than Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay and even Uruguay, and less also than Costa Rica, with about one-fourth the population. US economic aid had nothing to do with the rise of Castro.

Further, there was no US economic aid activity in 1933, anywhere. What Morris must have in mind is President Roosevelt's extension of the Agricultural Adjustment Act to cover Cuban sugar production as well as American farm crops defined, under that law, as basic. Cuba was given an allotted share, adjusted seasonally, of the US market for sugar; it began at about

28 percent and rose, in the decade of the Fifties, to over 34 percent. In money that meant a sugar subsidy, again focusing on the Fifties, of 2-2½ cents a pound multiplied by an average Cuban quota of 3 million tons, or \$120 million yearly. Over that one decade this works out to more than a billion US dollars, all grant money, for Cuba alone.

There has never been nearly that much US assistance for the Alliance for Progress nations taken together, and they have forty times the population of Cuba. Obviously, this enormous subsidy was misused. Morris blames the Americans for cutting it off. He says nothing about who is to blame for misusing it.

Asher Brynes

Staten Island, N.Y.

Can the Truth Be Told?

Sirs:

I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that it is not possible for periodicals like *The New Republic* to tell the truth where the Negro is concerned. On page 14 of the Aug. 17th issue we are told that Gov. Agnew "treated a group of Negro leaders with marked rudeness, implying that they were impudent and obstructive in their de-

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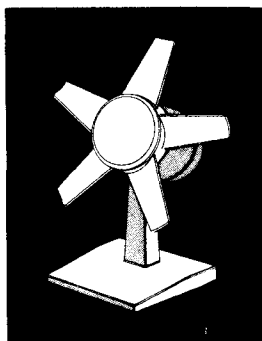
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mands for tolerant and cooperative treatment of Baltimore's black ghetto." The truth is that the Negro leaders were silent during the senseless Baltimore riots and Gov. Agnew rebuked them for their silence, and not for "their demands for tolerant and cooperative treatment of Baltimore's black ghetto," something which they have been getting all along.

Your whitewash of the rapes, crimes and hooliganism in and around Resurrection City, and your criticism of everybody except the Negro (see pages 11 and 12, July 6th) is but another instance of biased reporting.

The tremendous surge to the right, including the rapidly growing Wallace vote throughout the country, is a much better indication of the mood of the country than the one-sided reporting we get from you. I have been a liberal Democrat all my life but I demand the truth!

H. T. Keats
Hagerstown, Md.

Military Justice

Sirs:

I wish to reply to the letter "Military Justice" (Correspondence, July 20).

"A Draftee" is correct in his assumption that most offenders are lucky to avoid court-martial. In the great majority of courts-martial the evidence against the accused is so overwhelming that he stands little chance of acquittal. So, in civilian courts, are most cases quickly disposed of by guilty pleas. A court-martial is awarded only when the commanding officer feels it necessary due to question of guilt, seriousness of offense, or because his judgment of the accused's past record is such that he feels the need for more severe punishment than he may administer. The accused may, of course, elect court-martial in lieu of punishment under Article 15.

My contention is that the court-martial itself compares favorably in fairness with civilian courts. My opinion is based upon experience and has not been changed by either Mr. Edward Sherman or "A Draftee."

I won't venture to pass judgment on the motive behind the memo cited in the 20 July letter. Perhaps the head of Fort Ord's Military Justice Division

was trying to ease the workload on his subordinates, or maybe he was overwhelmed by Mr. Sherman's article "Military Injustice" (March 9, 1968) which started this whole exchange. I fail to see how it reflects upon the fairness of courts-martial, per se.

D. J. Pepper, Lt, SC, USN
Jacksonville, N.C.

Black Pride & Ghetto Power

Sirs:

John Osborne's article (August 10) on "Black Pride and Ghetto Power" seems to me to overlook the economic asininity of Black Separatism.

"Black Power" in the sense of increasing the pride of Negro Americans in their race and its contributions as a group and through outstanding individuals to the development of our common country is all to the good. And so is the effort to increase the incomes and the political strength of Negroes. But CORE and its most recent captive, Whitney Young, seem to go further in the direction of Black Nationalism. They apparently want the Negro ghettos to develop as a sort of separate self-contained economic community. This is impossible economically and an insufficient answer to the problems of unemployment and underemployment.

This proposed economic self-sufficiency is not new. "Harlem jobs for Harlem people" was a catchy slogan 35 years ago. But wiser voices in the Negro community such as the NAACP pointed out that even if all the jobs in Harlem's stores and other economic institutions were held by Negroes only about 10 percent of Harlem's working population would get jobs.

Jobs all over New York (as an example) must be opened to Negroes on an integrated basis. It is more important, for example, to have banking jobs, including managers and vice presidents, open to Negroes in all banks than to open an all-Negro bank.

In other words, we need and are beginning to get real integration in job opportunities and upgrading in every line of employment and all over each city to provide decent employment for Negroes. The drive for self-contained economic units in the ghettos will fail.

For it would involve a lot of comparatively small Negro-owned businesses, and the death rate among small businesses is very high. It is far better to get equal opportunities for Negroes in upgrading as well as employment in all the big businesses which are certain to be an increasingly dominant factor in our economic life.

Even if the drive for neighborhood economic self sufficiency were successful, it could not provide enough jobs to answer the reasonable demand by Negroes for equal opportunity and economic security. *Alfred Baker Lewis
Riverside, Conn.*

Candidates & Cities

Sirs:

Michael Miles' article (July 13) casts aspersions on the integrity of citizen participation in the Model Cities program. . . . Any resident of the model neighborhood who receives a signature of 25 other residents becomes a member of a very powerful neighborhood council, which is involved in program planning and decision making at all levels.

*Robert A. Aleshire
Reading, Penna.*

In reply:

H. Ralph Taylor, HUD's assistant secretary for Model Cities, has emphasized that the "responsibility for this planning process must remain with local government." In short, City Hall controls the program in the interests of coordinated planning. The experiments with "citizen control," discretionary with the Mayor's office in any case, represent a minority of cases against the drift of HUD policy.

Michael Miles

Kauffmann, from page 28

made of a douche, and there is a seduction scene with dialogue right out of sensible sex manuals. "Try to relax," the man whispers, instead of all those old-fashioned endearments.

Miss Woodward works intelligently and seriously to take the role out of any easy frame of movie references and to affect us with each moment as truly as it affects Rachel. Her talent is not large, but it is adequate for the part - or would be if she had not been handicapped with a stilted and murky

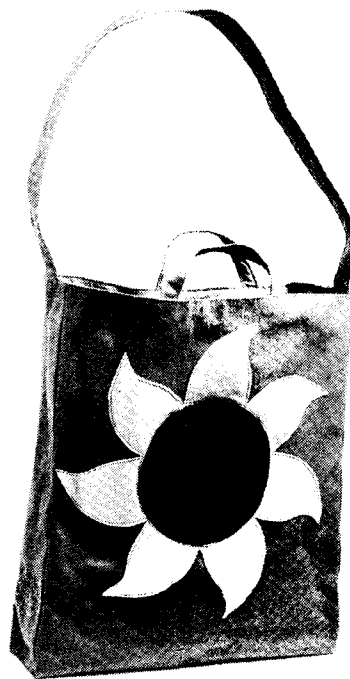
script, by Stewart Stern from a novel by Margaret Laurence. There are frequent flashbacks to the child Rachel and her experiences with her undertaker father, not one moment of which, as far as I could see, had any relevance to her adult dilemmas. There is a long sequence at a revival meeting that laboriously provides one more emotional blind alley for Rachel. The device by which her lover shunts her off is obscure. And after all the travail of this long film, what is changed in her life at the end? All she really does is change venue, moving to Oregon and a similar job, taking the same crippling mother with her, revealing little alteration in her character or her ability to deal with her personal situation. A lot of emotional wheels have been spinning for almost two hours without much traction. Not Miss Woodward's fault.

Paul Newman, her husband, makes his directorial debut with this film - he does not act in it - and in many ways does a creditable job. There is a feeling of communion with the material, some sense of composition without mere picturesqueness, some fluency of motion. It all gains by comparison with the last directorial debut of a star, Albert Finney's *Charlie Bubbles* - but then Finney didn't have the aid of Dede Allen, one of the best film editors alive. (She edited, among others, *Bonnie and Clyde*.)

Newman seems to have been helpful to Miss Woodward, but the surprise is in the weak acting he has permitted in some other roles - a school principal and another undertaker (the latter played by Frank Corsaro, the theatre director). An evangelist is played by Terry Kiser who, to judge by this and some off-Broadway roles, means to make a career of hysteria; such careers are rarely long-lived. Estelle Parsons, as another spinster teacher, is rapidly being converted into a show-biz stereotype of Heart, a kind of latter-day Shirley Booth.

Rachel, Rachel left me feeling that Newman and Woodward had seen something in this material that had been lost on the way to the screen. The picture's best moments suggest that he and she are too discerning to have set out to make the picture they ended up with.

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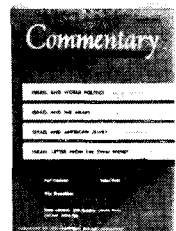
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